PRESIDENT ROBERTS KILLED

THAT RAZZ SHEET EDITOR SHOULD BE

Vol. XXX, No. . . . Yes!

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 32, 1776

Last Year

NYA Worker Wanted

his family won't eat next week. kindly minded professor is afraid signs of decay and our economuntil Wednesday, is showing sult of his falling in the dirt on potato which sprouted as a that institute's training in agriculture is effective. searching as the is frantically Eye. A search Flash: Dr. "Third Base in the

Exec Bored Nuts

The usual irregular meeting of the Executive Board was called to order by Executive Secretary "Kid" Cockrum, "keeper of the fun," seeing as how they couldn't find the president, "Gumshoe" Morgan.

NEW BUSINESS

The minutes of the last meeting were not read because they were unable to tell what was at the previous meeting to take them. Roll was called, and both those attending members began dropping one by one, except when they came in contact with the floor opened, which was stopped abruptly at the clock.

OLD BIZNESS

Finally Mr. Morgan, Miss Whitby, and Mr. Dunsmuir strolled in, and so as not to keep secrets, the meeting began all over again around the room, one noticed: Bob Links with his feet on the president's desk; Ed Smith filing his ashes on her knitting; How homelike everything was! Even Bud Erwin Decker was entranced by the mob by cleverly smacking his lips.

During the business (?) that followed, Gumshoe (Morgan) admitted that he had some silly bar-room bill of the college financial report, so they used it to light their weeds with.

COMMUNICATIONS

A communication was received from a bar and supply free beer for three days. However, Morgan stated that the state had some silly law against having free beer on the campus, so they decided to have a motion that we accept the offer for the three days and then have a motion that we accept the offer for the three days and then by Dolly Sinderup and her fellow Puritans. "It's that touch liquor shall never touch mine," they cried.

MONKEY BUSINESS

A professional scene concerning the purloined scene records for the college annual was overwhelming, facts Miss Buckley overlooked by the grapevine and given laudet, Students, bored. (It's important tho' we can't sanction the source, that Miss Buckley got a bill for seven dollars and twenty-three cents (23 & 23 cents) for the last orchid the Exec Bored gave her.)

Mystified, as a matter of fact, Miss Buckley has been so lenient in letting the Bored run in their power that the Bored kicked to the tune of $5.00 to pay for the records. They stated that such frivolous and lengthy proceedings should not all be recorded in six inch letters all faced. Yep, they asked, their reporter to delete the least important items and have the printer set it in 72 point chelt (the kind of type even saw the John Henry Nash uses). Dr. Please the Bored but they say. Dr. Please the Bored but they claiming Larry Kinnaird has been "Nuts" enough on the editor. thanks. "Nothing that runs counter to the faculty policy exists in the student sheet. It smirks of in someone's office. . . ." The good Mr. Buckley would not elucidate further, the minutes could not be in the letter-colored room. . . . Miss Buckley hurriedly avers: "Well, you Ian nuts, Miss Morgan nor Miss Conn. So we do.

OLD BIZNESS

Mr. Dunsmuir reported that the executives so thirsty that the president could not refrain from going to the nearest dive for a bucket of suds.

Disgustedly submitted,
ABIGAIL WENTWORTH,
Discording Secretary.

Wednesday, November 27, 1935
Friendly Speakers' dinner. Reminded that 2 Tom Collins and 1 Ginn Fizz are sufficient appetizers for the family Thanksgiving reunions.

Monday, December 2, 1935
Kappa Deltan Tau will interpret in the modern dance creations the authority theme, "How Pa Carved O Lord, those Franciscan Dames are putting on another tea.

Thursday, November 28, 1935
WE go to turkey.

Friday, November 29, 1935
Kappa Beta Tau interpretative recital. "We thank you, O Lord, for Alka Seltzer."

Monday, December 2, 1935
33 Class Reunion at Canterbury
O Lord, some people never learn.

The editor of the weekly sheet, Kay Buckley, is particularly interested in having the weekly Executive Board read the weekly Executive Board minutes. It seems odd that in Miss Buckley's overwhelming facts Students, bored. (It's important tho' we can't sanction the source, that Miss Buckley got a bill for seven dollars and twenty-three cents (23 & 23 cents) for the last orchid the Exec Bored gave her.)

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PREXY SOCKS GALLAGHER: BRAWL!

Today noon crowds in the halls of the main building were rudely disturbed by a terrific fistic battle between Ed Morgan, student Body president, and J. Wallace Gallagher, prominent leader of progressive thought in the school. Morgan retired with a black eye and Gallagher with cuts and bruises as a result of the scuffle which began without apparent cause directly in front of the student body office. Both men were quickly hurried away by their friends before much information could be obtained about the causes leading to the fight.

Later, reporters from the **Garter** were able to unearth the true story of the affair. Morgan was questioned and persuaded to issue a statement.

Morgan said, **"Mr. Gallagher's attitude** toward my policies has long been a source of annoyance to me and to the officers of the Executive Board. He has persistently obstructed what the majority of the board considers a constructive program of finances and social affairs. He was instrumental in blocking the passage of the senior funding pool act and went still further in demanding and getting a perpetual ban on all future acts of like nature."

Upon being asked if **Mr. Gallagher's recent attentiveness to Betty McDonald had anything to do with the quarrel,** Morgan scowled and replied firmly in the negative.

"Did Mr. Gallagher attack you?" Morgan was asked.

"Not in a physical sense," Morgan said slowly, "But he launched such a vituperative assault upon my character and upon those of the board that I felt compelled to act."

Gallagher was located with much difficulty. He was eventually found addressing a crowd of freshmen in Room 119. **He willingly gave a statement.**

"Morgan is the arch enemy of the proletariat in this college," Gallagher claimed. **"His every act since his election to office has been to stamp out every worthwhile endeavor initiated by the masses of the student body. I was inquiring about his reasons for combatting the recent move to have mass assemblies for lower classmen and an open forum for discussion on State administrative policies. He became abusive and insulting. When he made a pass at me I was forced to defend myself."**

Estimated damage as a result of the battle between the two was set at $1.50. **It will pay for the dent in the wall made by Gallagher's fist as he missed a hard left to Morgan's jaw.** Hurt in the brawl were Grace Whitby, Howard Miguel and Bev Lyon.

Wreck! Collision! Calamity! Those were the cries that State students shouted at noon.

Monk Delma, school character, had run into a street car down at Market street.

Last reports have it that the street car will be out of the repair shop in at least three weeks.

Delma is plenty sore at the street car concern. "It ruined my new permanent," he stated.

Co-Ed Will (K)not

The tying of the cord between Grace "Hotcha" Whitby of S. F. State and Stanley "Itsbitsie" Lawrence of U. C. will take place in the near future, according to Miss Whitby. The affair is being planned as a surprise for the bridgegroom, according to reports from the family of the bride-to-be.

The affair will take place at the Balconades Ballroom, the high-spot of San Francisco society, where the young couple first met. The knot will be tied when the fleet is in, also to revive memories of the occasion when Stanley "Itsibitsie" Lawrence saved her from eloping with a gob from the U. S. S. Texas by introducing her to a marine who was much, much better looking.

Mildred, sister of the future bride, will be maid of honor. "It will be her job, and what a job it will be, to get my honey-pie there without letting him know of the ducky surprise which awaits him," Miss Whitby revealed.

He would not, but she would knot, so they will knot.

Demonstration is a fine teaching method, according to Mrs. McCauley, but carried too far——. To illustrate the chormatic scales, after describing them as an "ornament," Mrs. McCauley removed her ring, saying: "See, I may remove my ring and still be the same, although it makes me more beautiful; but there are parts of my apparel which, if removed, would make me differ ent." However, she did not elaborate upon the statement.

Editor Tells ALL!

Pleeze, Please Take It Easy!

Dear Associated Students of San Francisco and Faculty Members Dear (including myself and Dean DuFour, etc., etc.):

I do hope you are not very hurt at what has transpired on this sheet since I took over the editor's ship. I sincerely believe that you are all, each and every one of you, individual good sports, and, as such, will take all the razz berries concocted up and thrown with such gusto, in fun. In fun, I say, in the same fun and fine spirit of jovility that marked my co-editor Dean Du Four when he aided me in putting this **Fumigator** out.

Some of you, no doubt, will feel burnt. Some of you will even turn a tinge of magenta. For such people I direct these words:

State, at the present moment, is one big happy family—at this time we are, or should be, enjoying Circus Day. In this happy family of ours we feel at liberty to tease, kid, and try to get a rise out of each other. If, by such actions, we have hurt any one student—if by such procedure I have been guilty of uncharity and indecency I herewith apologize from the bottom of a sincere heart.

Please, my dear students and my very dear friends, take ALL that is said on this sheet (and the other four) with a carload of salt and in the air of good sportsmanship that is marking this day of days: CIRCUS DAY!

Sincerely, respectively, cordially, your president,

Alexander C. Roberts

That goes for me, too!

J. DuFour

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES GARDENIAS AND CINCHES; PAY NICKEL, TAKE YOUR PICK

Cinches will be distributed in the bookstore next Wednesday. As a large crowd is expected, be on hand early so that you may receive your free slip.

Mr. Percival Ferdinand Marples has arranged for extra help in the distribution. He said, "We had such an eager response last semester that we are expecting even more this time. It is a long time since I have seen such enthusiasm for these slips, but it may be accounted for by the fact that they are gratis."

LOCAL BOOT-LEGGER RE-DUCES PRICE

Roy Nicholaysen, campus bootlegger, announces a reduction in price for his stuff.

"My customers have been kicking that my likker has been making them see rabbits and ginny-pigs, instead of giraffs and elephants," Roy stated. "Hence, I've got to cut prices."

From two bits a gallon, Roy has announced a price drop to fifteen cents. Roy's "Bathtub Special" will still cost thirty-five cents.

Furst Sick When H_2O Hits Him

Poisoned by enemies, Harpo Furst is today recuperating at the St. Francis Hospital.

Somebody poured water into Harpo's flask, and the slug passed out like a light.

"That stuff's got an awful wallop," was Harpo's only comment.

Love Servings Dished; Love Servers Ditched

Mrs. Blanche W. Hellsworth and Mrs. Ruth½Witt-Diamant, assistance profs of English, were dismissed from the faculty by Dr. Alexander C. Roberts for teaching courses in "How to Make Love—a course in four servings" instead of Math I.

After a number of students had dropped the math. classes Dr. Roberts appointed Dr. Ruth Faint Thompson, prof. of psych., to look into the matter and find the reasons.

After two weeks of careful investigations, the Dr. reported the following: "I have thoroughly investigated the case and found that the Math I classes have nothing to do with math but are classes dedicated to the "Fundamentals of Love." Hotcha! The students who dropped the course were those wishing to major in math.

Mrs. Hellsworth and Mrs. Diamant were tried before the student body with the faculty members acting as jury. When asked why she had committed such a crime, our worthy proctor, Mrs. Hellsworth, said, "Dat ain't no crime, dat's fun! Love makes de woild go round and round and round and round. . . ."

Soft music was played while Mrs. Hellsworth was carried out. Dr. Roberts stood up and took off his hat.

Leo C. Nee closed the trial with "State is a sound college with good morals and we must dedicate our highest efforts to keep it that way." (He then offered his arm to Mrs. Diamant and serenely swept out.)

CUTE!

Talk, Etc., Marks Speech At Discussion

Mr. Careless S. Munday, intrinsical science teacher, will speak over radio station KOP today on the subject, "Atsronomer as a Hubby."

For those interested in learning how to be happy though a scientist, this talk will be uninteresting, since there is no such animal. It is expected that the talk will be very short, as the Stanford-State game is to be broadcasted during the period assigned Mr. Munday.

Stinx Holds Meetinx Youth Holds Noses

As a special feature to attract new unsuspecting members, the Stinx Club, State moron group, will feature a conservative program at its next meeting.

"We are departing from our usual atmosphere in this one meeting," Comrades Von Hootski and Bigcoughski, leaders of the Down-everything platform, announced, "and will welcome anyone who has an open mind, unsoiled by propagandists. We will allow free discussion on the topics of the speakers, but anyone contradicting our policies will be thrown out."

The conservative program will feature Dr. Racy Dugout on "Communism in Practice and Theory." Dr. Bald E. Cavern on "Marxism in State College" will indicate the scope of the movement in our institution. The concluding speaker of the afternoon will be Lousy L. Iceberg, Russian philosopher, who will address the group on "The Soviet State," in which he will point out the great strides which the subject has made on our campus. Beer will be served after the talks; pretzels may be purchased by the audience.

The Stinx Club was ably represented by two of its members at the Youth Congress held in Workers' Hall on Valencia street last Friday. Bertro von Hootski, Supreme Smell, and Comrade B. O. Bigcoughski joined with other delegates to form a representative body from State College. They reported that, given the right time and a strong group of people, the Congress decided that revolution was inevitable.

"We cannot wait for evolution of proletariate freedom; we must bathe while the water is hot," von Hootski said. Comrade Bigcoughski nodded in agreement as his sidekick emphasized the importance of the Youth Congress on free thought. "Without individualistic, thinking, we retrogress, we even guess," C. Bigcoughski replied to questioning reporters, "but the dictatorship must carry on!"

THINX

The above pitsher is Exhibit A of wot the Chief Thinx of Stinx Club looks like.

State Finks Panned As Profs Drink

"The students of State are getting beyond control." Dean Marry A. Warden of the Juvenile Court stated as the convention of the Faculty Committee for the Prevention of Immorality was opened last night with a dinner at the Kit Kat Club.

"The purpose of this organization is to prevent the students from following in our footsteps," Miss Warden stated as she drained the last drop of an old-fashioned cocktail with gusto and cherries.

"Whoo-o-o-pie!" screamed Mrs. Ruth½Witt-Diamant.

"The first case before us tonight is that of Johnnie Soso," Miss Warden announced. "If anyone has anything to say in his favor, for mercy sakes, keep quiet—shut up!"

"Johnnie is in my class, and he's a pretty rowdie character," Miss Edith A. Pickard announced. "But he's a hek of a cute kid, and I'd say that any girl that gets him is lucky!" "He's a demoralizing influence on young innoent girls who are used to his old fashioned methods, as he calls 'em." "How do you know?" "My stooge told me so." "Vote." "Unanimous to keep Soso." "Hoo-o-o-ra-a-ay!"

"Marcella Jensen is ruining the good habits of Ru Stone, my best track man," Coach Hal Harden announced. "Her influence is overwhelming, gigantic, astounding—ye gods, what a girl!" "Who? I'd like to meet that girl!" "I suggest that we postpone the case of Miss Jenson until we have her on a party with us." "Second the motion." "All in favor say 'aye.'" "AYE, AYE!" "Secretary, notify Miss Marcella Jensen that she is invited to attend our brawl tomorrow night at the Majestic Ballroom."

The next case to appear on the calendar, after a round of Tom Collinses, was that of Bob Links. Mr. Links is the worst lady-killer that ever hit State. In the words of the president, "Links stays out late at nights, he mugs, he drinks, he slings the bull and he takes every-buddies girl away from him. It ain't right." A unanimous vote was cast to bounce Bob Links for taking everybodies' gal away. Mr. Links will be notified of the action in the near future.

Bob Robinson was put on the carpet, so to speak, because he was too good-looking. No action was taken, however, as the party was pretty tight by now. Mr. Robinson will be told that he is under observation, however, and the length of his stay on the campus will be determined by his future behavior.

Dot Crosbie was brought up for discussion for having more than her share of the few available males. Acording to Dean Warden, "One man is enough for any girl." If Miss Crosbie does not drop at least six men from her calling list, expulsion will be her end.

When the name of A. "Dick" Beseman was brought up by Dr. Fisk, the ensuing conversation became unprintable. Before the discussion was over, the majority of the party was under the table, and the rest were sliding down bannisters and swinging from chandeliers and playing catch with gin bottles, so the case of "Tripod" Beseman will be continued at the next meeting of the Committee for the Prevention of Morality which will be held at the Majestic Ballroom tomorrow night.

The **Fum-I-Gator** reporter will bring you the latest developments as they occur . . . in the next issue.

MEANIE MUTTERINGS
or
The Truth Will Out—or You'll Be Taken in!

Where were Dolly Santerup and Bill Pollatte that they came late to an Executive Board meeting with her hair all mussed up? Notty, notty!

Was that Hal Delma kissing a girl right in the middle of the floor for fifteen long minutes at the Junior Prom. Yum, yum.

How come, Jean Bing - - is so friendly to Gene H— all of a sudden like?

Do ya smirk on the Marples' faces is due to the fact that they one there fite against de students, see! From now on, there wont be flies in de soup—it'll be cockroaches. De'll show us.

Ask Averial Harrison how's things with her new b. f. and she'll say—it's like this (process of crossing fingers) just like this!

Do Bill Harkness and his girl friend have fun between classes? It's a wonder their necks aren't sore—or are they practicing adagio dancing?

Dam-dum Blanks
By RAZZ BARRY

No More Pencils, Books, Is Edict of State But Doc Roberts Says 'Nay-Nay, Nerts to You;" Frosh Stude Refuses Parole

NO MORE PENCILS

According to Dr. Alexander C. Roberts, president of the college, notice has been received from Sacramento stating that there will not be any spring semester at San Francisco State College. This will be officially announced by Dr. Roberts sometime early in June, 1936.

Dr. Roberts stated further: "We will go on as if we don't think the notice has been received from Sacramento stating that there will not be any spring semester at San Francisco State College. This statement of Education will be ready for Napa when I finish here."

Members of the student body were very surprised to find that

It was disclosed that the Department of Education thought San Francisco State College was taking too many students of disreputable character. "When such people as Vernon Rees are allowed inside the portals of any state institution, it is going too far," said the chairman of the department.

Reasons

Res, a freshman student, when questioned, said, "I have been in bigger institutions than State and nobody ever complained about my going to them, in fact, they were glad I went. I had my elementary training at Whittier and my secondary training at Folsom. I think I will be ready for Napa when I finish here."

David J. Cox, dean of men: "We probably won't get any [illegible] but I will continue trying. Besides I don't believe in signing [illegible] notice too late for them to stop us. It is going to be a break. We'll give you one by shutting this off.

PETTYCOATS HOLD TEA!! COULY THEY HOLD IT!?!

Men's Shower Room Scene for Frisky Dames' Smoker Last Easter

The Frisky Dames will convene at the home of Mrs. I. M. Blearyeyed at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, according to secret dispatches received at the **Lead Garter** office. All members are welcome, but are advised to bring their own liquid refreshments, as hard cider will be the only soft-drink served.

At their last meeting in the Fred Turk men's locker room, the Petticoats intended holding a luncheon; they were left holding it. No men showed up, so the meeting was adjourned and lunch was eaten in the shower room.

Mrs. J. K. Passabuck, ninth assistant vice-president of the Skirts, advised that the club was considering a change in name. "We do not approve of the serious mien with which our club is received. After all, we're just a bunch of Dames looking for fun. Perhaps if we changed to the 'Female Alumnae of State Normal,' the men would give us a tumble." With the last thought in mind, she went tripping away to attempt the organization of a tumbling team.

Cry little tots, huh? Who's she?

CUTIE PIE!

By RAZZBARRY

THE tests of a teacher are indications of the low grades of the men and women who at one time were his stooges.—Duke Foolish, Podunk College.

b ¥ ¥

Horses and elephants sleep while standing.

So do I, if I'm in an education course. Is that a horse on me?

& so what

The shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

But give me the curves any time, any time—if you know what I mean . . .

Vol. $, No. 0

ENGLISH is English.

Yea, Ronnie, it's true; because his father is an Englishman and his mother is English, Alan Everett has no parish, Charlie isn't rich, Wilson has no brother Mike (Eich, get it?), Sarah isn't a groner, and Mary's hand isn't really big. If you haven't seen the Dawn, you will soon, but first let Al tell you.

What some more!

In Germany, cherries are used in soup.

In America, we're in the soup if we use cherries.

?—**—?

MORE hot air rises than ever descends.

Especially in Delta Stigma folks. You'll note that K. M. keeps his office warm by holding impromptu talks with his "four and six" groups.

?/,¢½*.

"Ship of State' has a detailed history.

We didn't know our college had a navy until this came up and anyway it can't be good if somebody cut the tail off their history. Who brought this up anyway?

♯ minor

Apes cannot be taught to swim.

We began to realize what Hal Harden meant when he said something about evolution to his swimming class finks.

What, again?

Landlords may be prevented from lowering rents.

But you can't stop them from raising rents and h. l. And speaking of raising h. l. let me tell you about that blonde up the other night. (Editor's protest, see fifth column, "Allie's Garter.")

3 for 10¢

AMERICA has a Five-Year Plan.

And to hear Q. Buckettace Gallof her tell it, that isn't all the Communistic evidence that the revolution will come. Imagine forcing females all over the campus to take Physical Education for Women. From what we hear, he's also attempting to use the "Dirty Potato" as his organ of propaganda and (editor's note: Sorry, have to censor this also.)

12:30 Saturday Nite

Elephants once ate with a spoon. They still do. Just walk around the cafeteria during the noon hour.

You will probably find some elephants to whom you can give the Sis generes (swine, to you) there also. Boy, do we know our stuff, and do we try to impress the public.

Vote for Bryan

If you've read this far, you deserve a break. We'll give you one by shutting this off.

DAY-AFTER DAY and for daze to cum the Daily Slayer is doing justice by its co-editors, but in order to get back at these two too to-it men and all of their cohorts we got sum low down on them. Here's sum fat facts:

Robert Van Houte: Don't rush, girls, Bob is already married. Did you ALL know this? Yes, to one of the prettiest little tricks we've had a chance to lay our eyes (or is it ears?) on. There's a story attached to this Romance. If you want to hear (and see Bob himself blush) it ask the gentleman in question this simple little query, "Bob, why did you marry her when you went with her sister so long? Tell us about it, Bob?"

Erwin Bischoff: This tall blonde went on a debating trip one fine day to Salt Lake City. Whereby hangs a tale . . . and Erwin.

It seems that the damsels of that fair metropolis captivated poor Erwin so that the little giant very seriously considered following the cult founded by Brigham Young.

You, reader, just put two and two together and you'll have four. That's what Erwin thought, too . . . but, don't lose hope, State co-eds, Erwin came back from Salt Lake City a . . . bachelor!

About the Other Staff Members: Madame X: This petite blonde was the same little lady who was bent upon making the Alpha Phi Gamma convention in Fresno. And why? Well, what girl by the name of Rose Marie Haas has a certain feeling for a certain alumni member of State an dState's journalism fraternity, Alpha Phi Gamma? You **can't** guess? Well, what former student at State:

1. Used to work in the library.
2. Used to work—while Director of Publications—in the Co-Op?
3. Has black hair, brown eyes, and tried to play on the football team?
4. Used to write a column by the name of "Hit & Miss" for the **Gater**?
5. Edited the 1933 **Franciscan**?
6. Now teaches in Tulare?
7. Writes Rosie nice letters oh . . . every so often. . . . (Place name here.)
8. .....

The regular meeting of the Phyllis Burnham Club was called to order by charter president, Dan Baker, whose allegiance, although suspected of being stolen by Indian maidens (Mertens) is still unswerving, loyal, gallant, etc.

Guest speaker was the newly initiated Jim Barrett, who gave a dissertation on "The Advantages of Annex A." Baker at this point came out of his stewpor, stupid—pardon us—stupor and growled "It's the nertz—that crummy Annex wasn't here when I was in my prime!" (He would beef!)

Following Mr. Barrett's enlightening (only we learned it was in the dark!) speech, the question was brought up as to what could be done about Ru Stone, who seems to be losing interest—he's just (Ras)mussen around with Anne Angel—he better watch out or somebody'll Burnham! Barrett, as leader of the 1935 group, was asked to send a notice to the errant member informing him that if another week-end went by without some manifestation of interest his name would be premanently dropped from the rolls.

The question as to who gave Howie Demeke the right to chisel in on the Soph Strut was brought up. This affair had already been given out to Barrett, who, when he found his Phyllis gone, let out an enraged bellow that would put Shirley Temple to shame.

"I recommend we admit him to our polygon," says Baker.

"You may quote me as saying Waa"—Barrett.

"Nutz," says Moore.

"Unanimous! He's in," says Baker.

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NO MORE MIDTERMS

Abolishment of midterms was unanimously approved by the faculty members of San Francisco State at a meeting held this noon. Dr. Alexander C. Roberts, president of the institution, announced: "Too many of our students were failing in courses due to conflicting dances and midterms; our prize stooges were rapidly flunking, and so we have decided to abolish those nasty, nasty midterms and celebrate by whooping it up ALL the time!"

MORE LEISURE TIME

Miss Edith A. Pickard, professor of biological science, made the following comment: "The poor dear students are lucky, and my dear, are we? Just think, no more papers to correct, and I can reminisce and reminisce about my trip to Europe—oh yes, maybe a few of the brighter students can pass my courses now."

NEW TYPE OF FINALS

Instead of the regular kind of finals that require at least an hour of preparation, a new type of examination has been set up, consisting of three parts. The first section will be to give your frank opinion of the course; a short essay on the ability of your classmates will make up the second part, and your opinion of the professor giving the course will finish the ex . . . or you.

Regarding the latter part of the quiz, Mrs. Olive Cowell had the following to say:

"I don't care what you thought of the course, and I don't give a hang what you think about the dumb stooges composing the class; but by Crackey! if anyone dares to make a crack about paper towels for the front row or my capes and distinctive dress—well, don't try it if you don't want to take the course again. I'll stop these people making fun of me!"

By ELSIE MAGGOTS

IMPRISON MAGAZINES!

We hurriedly ran across an uninteresting publication known as the "Bull in the Pen." It is the biyearly hallucinations of the residents of the Pennsylvania County Prison at San Quentin. All printing, typography, art work, basket work, tatooing, and crocheting of the paper are done by the prisoners.

"The Bull in the Pen" contains articles of little interest, but which help fill up space. Our copy had the farewell of the editor to prison, home, and mother. We wondered how many more editors should be sent to join him in his solitude. . . . "Farewell, brothers, and I pass the bait on to the next sucker. Never will the stooge editor work harder nor be thanked less. Despite all this, his editorship will be a broken record of sappy days and gloomy, sleepless nights." As the Beard of a Von, Waveawand, said:

"The readers get the paper,
Our prison gets the fame,
The printers get the money,
But the staff gets the blame. . ."
&%$()#

CONDOLENCES!

We note that several State stupes have turned in their usual performances in their respective fields First, our debaters took their usual trouncing from Everett Junior High. Congrats, Delta Sigma, we knew you'd make the grade (but we didn't think it was that low). Next, the badminton team takes it on the chin, 40-0, from the Home for the Aged. Finally, the Apple Pie Granny wrist-turning party for the Oh Henry Hash "Scholar"ship results in a social as well as a financial flop. Our sincere apologies to State for having such a bunch of palookas anyway. Congratulations to all concerned (who is concerned anyway; we aren't).
!-*?¢½

PEKINESE WASH CLOTH

Meandering, slithering, and crushing its way to a thankless defeat—no, that was the heading for the preceding tail. Let's see—oh, yes, we chanced by (English Killed, please note) one of the Chinese stores and sauntered in. There we met a Japanese merchant, who introduced us to the Russian proprietor. With true British malevolence, his Greek wife asked us what we wanted. "Oh, we're just passing through," we said. "Passing out, you mean," growled the Armenian doorman. We found ourselves on one ear in the butter (but we're used to that). Francy that!
%$¼:@?",#

COLLEGE FINANCES (Yeah, what finances?)

Well, grind us back to this again. As we entered school after the vacation, the first thing that struck us in the face was a wet sponge thrown by the welcoming committee. Now you take visitors into the president's office without feeling apologetic. (On second thought, you HAD better take them, I'm afraid to). Then, of course, there are the new quarters (I only got a nickel) for the publications people. And did those loafers of the press rush when the news of something free reached them.

A word of thanks to Mr. Elsie Flea, whose efforts hindered other possible change (no, not small change). Which (that's what I want to know, which?) leads us to an uninteresting statement of something or other, which we won't quote: '. . . . . '.

GAS INFLATER

Our "rival" publication, the "Dirty Potato," seems to be regressing very nicely. Inasmuch as it is so excellently mimeographed, we find that it makes fine note paper. Outside of the fact that the head is quite a hindrance to good note-taking, we have found that both sides provide space for scrap paper, especially the flaming yellow side.

After all, it is really expecting too much to look for "news" on the yellow side; the editors overlook this when it is handed to them on a brickbat. But again the editors have worked hard to build up State spirits. They have even suggested a brewing plant be installed in the publications office; plans are now being drawn by Dr. Horse of the physical sickness department. Rumor also has it that subscribers of the rag are collecting signatures for a petition to have journalism books placed conveniently in the library so that members of the "Dirty Potato" staff may note the fundamentals of journalism.

As one student remarked: "The staff box calls them 'independent of journalists'; it's quite true, because no real journalist would associate with them."

WEAKLY DEFINITION:

Mr. Hearst is nothing more or less than a %#$"—$&$'$(%)—¼@.:?,

The Sandy Sandals

HOTELS Have Representative at State.

This summer one of the elected members of the State Executive Board received a letter from a representative of a local hotel inviting her and her escort to come and dance there sometime with no charge to the couple. (More of this in the editorial column. . . .)

* * * *

EDITORIAL Courtesy Is Called Press-Agenting.

At a recent meet of the Exec Bored the editor was panned for accepting tickets to various class dances free of charge, gratis, without payment.

The bored forgot to look into the matter, calling editorial courtesy "Press-agenting." The bored holds that an editor has NO right to a ticket or bid even if the editor urges a columnist to mention that particular event or affair in his (or her) column for the week, or even if the editor is the one who decides just what goes in the front page box above the printed sheet (journalists call it "an ear"). Even if the editor can point out to the president of a class that a cut would draw attention to the class's story. Oh, well, it's still press-agenting.

* * *

Horses are preferred stock.

Ask Butch Kreiger about this one. It was in front of an entire class that Mr. Kreiger spoke his feelings of romance, "aw, a cow doesn't return your affections like a horse does."

* * *

Betty Kaplan is an authority on Puritan Play.

Just ask her some time what the Puritans did when they had a few hours off and they wanted to relax, just ask her!

* * *

Championship is really hard to pronounce . . . if you attempt it the way Mrs. Monroe does. Watch her some time and see if she doesn't give "championship" a stutter or two!

* * *

American women are most proficient at a Mexican sport.

That is, if you are to take Mr. Cowell, local tennis ace, as an authority. He spoke his mind the other day. "Women are most proficient at the Mexican sport of . . . throwing the bull." (Get it?)

OWED TO THE DAILY STATER

Van Houte and E. Bi[illegible] edit the "STATER"
(Not meant to [illegible] with the Golden Gat[illegible]
That prints all th[illegible] which we all stare
And leaves out [illegible] names of those bringing it there.
It causes some people to beg of Van Houte
To please, for g--s sake, leave that bit out.
Oh do not broadcast the lowdown on me;
If you do I will lose her, can't you see?
What does it matter, what's it to you,
The customs we follow and the things we do?
This is a country that's free to us all,
But it seems to me it's beginning to fall
'Fore the onslaught of Winchell and others,
Who try to expose all our sins to our brothers.
My lungs are good and voice is strong
And I could argue both loud and long
On the evils these columns do to our race,
In breaking our morale and spoiling our face.
But I'm not one to disrupt their career
In leaving them be I see my way clear
To not be a drag on Bishoff or Houte;
Still from their yellow rag I'll keep my name out.
Far be it from me to blast their fond hopes,
Or to take any credit away from the dopes,
For there may be a day when they'll attain some success,
And then work will be seen in the best of the press,
So here's to the "STATER" and long may it thrive
To keep us awake and our spiirts alive;
And may those that follow us see their names, too,
In a paper as good when these boys are through.

Gordon Bolander.

SAYS YOU—

Question: What will you be thankful for this Thanksgiving Day?

Phil Vail, Gater circulation manager: "I'm thankful that I can eat between meals. I get SO hungry."

Ray Kaufman, football captain: "It's my birthday. Of course that makes my mother thankful, too."

Muriel Senk, high frosh: "I'm thankful we're not having an Electric Light Dinner. At the rate they are charging for the Candlelight Dinner, it would cost a young fortune."

Jerry Kenney, Newman president: "I'm thankful that Montana was admitted into the Union in 1889."

Bob Van Houte, Sphinx prexy: "I'll be thankful because the Western States Speech Convention will be over."

Charles Lane, Open Road publicity man: "I'm thankful that there are so many beautiful brunettes."

Pete Siedrov, track man: "I'm thankful for the bees, the trees, the lovely little butterflies, and the simply GORGEOUS blue skies."

Monk Delma, ballet dancer: "I'm thankful that this semester is d—— near over."

Clem Zannini, basketball "Ace": "What am I thankful for? Don't you know? I get a week vacation."

Dawn Wilson, State soprano (?): "Cliff Worth."

Mrs. Bertha Monroe, sociologist extraordinary: "I'M thankful for my 8:45 S. S. 62 class. They're such little darlings, and I just LOVE every one of them."

"Uncle" Regan, varsity shortstop: "I won't talk."

STUDENT'S CO-OP

SUPPORT YOUR OWN ACTIVITIES

College Seal Jewelry Half Price
STUDENT'S CO-OP
AND
CAFETERIA

In keeping with the sweeping reforms of the San Francisco State College administration, drastic action has been taken in the running of the Co-Op food emporium. The Co-Op will be changed so much that, were it a dollar, it would consist of ninety pennies and two nickels, authorities reveal.

Leading an ired committee, a fighting and determined Roy Nicholaysen, campus bootlegger, crammed the reforms through the office of Dr. Alexander C. Roberts, president of the college. Nicholaysen threatened to cut off Dr. Roberts' supply of safety-pins for his grandson if he refused to accede to his bill of thirty-five points.

Committee Named

On the committee with Nicholaysen were Hal "Monk" Delma, college character, the four Marx brothers, President Roosevelt, Herbie Hoover and Harold "Call Me Toots" Martin. The staid influence of Howard Demeke was also added in a last-minute bit of maneuvering.

In commenting upon the drastic changes, Nicholaysen stated, "They're going to revolutionize this dump like nothing you never saw before, guy. It will be colossal; in fact, it will lift the Co-Op from the depths of its own mediocrity up to the heights of the gutter. Say, I wouldn't be surprised if we corner the Palace Hotel clientele."

List Revealed

Following is the list of reforms to go into effect immediately (if they don't Nicholaysen promises that his strong-arm squad of Harpo Furst, Dick Hurst and Betty Meadowcroft will bomb the place):

1. No more sawdust in the hamburgers.
2. Leftover food sold at half price when mildewed.
3. Milk in the milk shakes—less ice cream.
4. Free beer with every twenty-five cent order; gin fizz with every fifty cent order.
5. Floor to be cleaned when 123 cigarette butts have accumulated there.
6. Man employed to count cigarette butts.
7. Four movie actresses employed to wait on the customers.
8. Bowl of pretzels at each table.
9. Signs posted, reminding students to throw papers on the floor; waste paper baskets will be taken out.
10. Management to make bi-centennial report.
11. Dishwater to be labeled as such, not as "coffee."
12. Chisels at counter to break up the cookies sold to students.
13. **No teachers** allowed in the **jernt, as they have** the habit of **breezing in just when** they are be**ing discussed.**
14. Employees must wash hands before they put their thumbs in the milkshake containers or in the sandwich spread.
15. Cold cream instead of axle grease to be used as butter.
16. **Scotch highballs** on Mondays.
17. **"Open House Day"** on Thurs**days, with everything** free up to **fifteen cents.**
18. No sales tax charged.
19. **Employees** to do students' **homework while they** are eating.
20. Cots in the back of the Co-Op, with rental rates of five cents an hour.
21. No more crap games in the booths, unless the house gets a five per cent cut from the winner.
22. **Fireplace** in the center of **the room upon** which to roast **weinies.**
23. Book given free to customers, explaining what they are really getting. (Will they be surprised!)
25. A new carrot to pass over the soup (the old one's losing its flavor.)
26. Sally Rand to give a performance every Friday.
27. Trapezes hanging from the roof for those "Tarzanically" inclined.
28. **Loan bureau** at the entrance **for those who are** "broke."
29. Apple triangles with actual apples in them, in place of the thin strip of the skin of the fruit now put in the inside.
30. No more sand in the salt and sugar.
31. Cushions on the stools near the fountain.
32. **Singing at** 12 o'clock **every day, with movie** previews at 3 **o'clock.**
33. Hospital room in the iernt for those affected by the new food.
34. **Proper ventilation** for the **"hot air" emanating** from the Co-op **gossips.**
35. Necking booths (time limit: one hour; students must sign up in advance).

Students Must Support

It was emphasized by the committee that, since the students themselves have worked to bring about as many improvements as possible with the limited facilities available, the student body as a whole should back the above suggesitons. It is the first time in the history of an Executive Board that interest has been strong enough to allow actual steps to be taken toward change.

MEN AT STATE?!?

Men certainly are a great nuisance to State. Before men came to State there was peace and quiet.

Before men came to State, State didn't lose any football games. Before men came to State there weren't any petting parties on the campus.

Before the men came to State there was plenty of room to walk around in the corridors.

Before men came to State the women didn't smoke.

Before the men came to State, it was a NORMAL school, now it is a SUB-NORMAL school.

Due to these reasons, the old maids' club at State is planning to put arsenic in the new soda fountain to get rid of the men and a few of the frivolous women.

DISSERTATION ON FOOTBALL—

"Football is a game for morons! The game plays to the depraved intellects of the lowest type of dopes."

So spoke Alexander C. Roberts to an interested and appreciated combined audience from Sing Sing and Napa.

So also state the editors of this, your favorite sheet. One need only look at the low types playing the game at State to realize the truth.

As for the coaches, one may only say that only persons of their mediocre intelligence could mentor such an aggregation of brainstorms that mans the Gater team.

WITH OTHER TRAMPI

By CARROTS

There are two and only two reasons why I flunk according to the records: (1) My San Anselmo Heartbeetz of 75 Belle Vista avenue; (2) my incognito "binges" with Wallace "Red" Gallagher. And my name is pronounced by stressing the last syllable, with a silent "s" as in the word "lemon."

* * *

Three blocks is quite a walk to college. But that is what Mugless Hairless, Pekinese wolf-hound, does every day. "You're dog-gone right," he said. "My parents hounded me to cut school, but, in spite of the poor car service, I can still hitch-hike."

* * *

Another school joins the ranks of those who have done away with compulsory class attendance. State College of S. F. allows teachers to cut as many times as they want, as long as they are not caught. The attitude of the professors is: "The students will flunk anyway, so why should we bother to go to class."

* * *

Looks like the girls are slipping, for a recent poll of Barnyard College shows that skiing is a 17-19 favorite over a "Tom Collins."

* * *

Oh, Lord, I can't think of any other trampi, so this is all. . . . .

SCANDAL FILLERS—

Marie Louise Benson and Bob Colyar sat their way thru a performance of "Midsummer's Night Dream" at the Geary Theater last Wednesday nite, but didn't see much of the show. It's really a grade "A" nightmare, according to the movie critics.

'Tis rumored that Barbara Smith is dropping all her regular courses just to fit in Bob Prather Xb-la. And will she learn plenty in that course? It was formerly offered at Marin J. C., but is now a State subject.

Patricia MacNamara has upset all the dopesters with odds of 40 to 1 on Wallace MacDonald. And is it PAIRI-MUTUAL? And how.

Burton Johnson has jilted his Berkeley Hotcha Helen for a blind date for that Circus Day dance. And are the gals ENTRANCED?

Jack Werchick has relegated the Jamison gal to Past History, if campus comment and its wicked whimsies are any indication. Ever see Jack and Blanche Tovey pull the ducky-wucky act?

Dear Lid Lifter:

Why do you guys in charge of the school permit that yellow little **scandel sheet,** the **Daily Stater,** to be printed.

It is yellow journalism at its worst. Only morons would stoop to read it. It's . . .

Pardon me, guy, but my copy's just arrived. I'll write the rest of this letter after I've read it. Yours,
—Disgusted.

EAT AT THE
State College Sweet Shop
Market and Laguna Streets
Milk Shakes, 10c Ice Cream Sodas, 10c
Special Lunch - - 25c
Dinner - - - - - 35c

Dear Editor:

Here is a situation that I think merits your attention.

This summer one of the members of the executive board received a letter from a representative of a local hotel, inviting her and her escort to come and dance there sometime, the very generous author of the note saying he would take care of the cover. Then he went on to ask her to try and help him secure the Candlelight Dinner for the hotel he represented. Then this same man, being very much in the know as to how State College Politics operate, apparently, appoints another member of the executive board his campus representative. Then, just to prove how co-operative it is, the executive board names this latter individual as chairman of the Candlelight Dinner, and strange as it may seem, the hotel that the chairman represents gets the dinner. All we can say is, it might be well for all San Francisco hotels that are desirous of having the Candlelight Dinner in their domain to appoint campus representatives who are members of the executive board. Or maybe this is all a coincidence?????

Bystander.

BOARD NOTES

The tenth regular meeting of the Executive Board was called to order by President Edward Morgan, on Thursday, November 14, at 7:15 p. m. Minutes of the previous meeting were approved as corrected. Roll was called and all were found present.

COMMUNICATIONS

A communication was received concerning the death of Dorothy Hawes, a State student. Miss Whitby was asked to send a floral piece and a note of sympathy.

A communication was received from a number of the neighbors concerning the noise which the public address system has been making.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Mr. Dumesnil reported on price of records to be purchased for the free dances which will take place from time to time.

Mr. Dumesnil reported that Dean Cox was not in favor of charging 10 cents for admittance to basketball games.

Miss Conlan reported that a number of University of California engineering students had made their survey of our grounds for a possible amphitheater. As yet a final report has not been received.

Mr. Smith reported that the student body would have to purchase a school flag. He was asked to obtain the flag as soon as possible since it was badly needed.

Mr. Cockrum stated that he would have a complete report on the Co-op for the next meeting.

OLD BUSINESS

Miss Sonderup reported on findings of new Executive Board pins. Mr. Parrish presented samples of pins which he had procured.

Mr. Haderle reported that there could be no dancing after the Candlelight Dinner.

The date for the Block "S" Rally was changed from November 22 to December 6.

Miss Conlan asked for an additional $50 for the Candlelight Dinner.

A motion was made and seconded that the $50 be granted Miss Conlan. Motion was passed.

The petition received concerning the noise of the public address system was asked to be held over until the next meeting.

NEW BUSINESS

A motion was made and seconded that 10 cents be charged each student attending the first three varsity basketball games to see if there would be any difference in the attendance. Motion was passed.

It was the opinion of the Board that those who attend the games would be willing to pay this amount since the Athletic Fund is greatly in need of money.

The rest of the meeting was spent in discussion of improvements for the Co-op in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Marples, Dr. Roberts, Dr. Kinnaird, and Dr. Barney

NOTE—A detailed account of this discussion may be found in the student body office for those who are interested.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:35 p. m.

Respectfully submitted,
GRACE WHITBY,
Secretary of Student Body.

We strongly advise that each and every advitisor of the Razz Sheet be advocates of the student body. Patronize the students. Shame on you if you don't. Naughty, naughty (Marietta?) and fie on you if you forget your duty.

After all, if you give the students the breaks they won't break your store up in business . . . that is, not much. We want action. You want action. Everybody wants action. Let's patronize yourself and see what happens.

In other words (and sentences) we advise, strongly exhort, staunchly adhere, perseverently hold that if you advitisors of the Razz Sheet do not come through and be buziness-like about advitizing you are going to gain customers. And who or what advitiser wants customers? It makes you work. Now doesn't it, make you work? And who wants to work . . . we ask, who wants to work?

Jest for that, advitisors, you had better come thru, advitisors, and patronize the students of our collitch.

50¢ Special—Any Day
Evenings by Appointment
Shampoo, Finger Wave, Rinse, Trim
LYDIA'S BEAUTY SHOP
611 HAIGHT Phone UNderhill 8681

VITAL FASTICKS

INTENTIONS TO WED

WILKES-WHITE, Kenneth and Edith, Emeryville Court of Last Appeal.

JOHNSON-JONES, Burton and Leslie, Berkeley Juvenile Court.

HARKNESS-DUCASSE, Doug and Irene, Police Station, Kezar Stadium.

GERARD-GLEASON, Al and Margaret, Room 104, Sixth Precinct.

SENK-SIEBER, Shirlie and Stanley, Justice of Peace, Milpitas.

WERCHIC-JAMISON, Jack and Maxine, Civic Center plaza.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

GREGARIO-CURTIN, Vic and Viola, by Request of Shotgun Squad.

NEWTON-YEBBY, Sonny and Georgette, by request of Club Alabam.

SIMON-IRWIN, Ralph and Marion, as a result of Saturday.

CONLAN-EICH, Joanne and Bill, as result of Soph Strut.

DECKER-GRADHANDT, Bud and Grace, as a result of several years.

PARRISH-MEADOWCROFT, Al and Betty, as a result of an understanding.

TRAEGER-SWIFT, Sid and Joan, one of these . . . (???).

INTENTIONS TO DIVORCE

STATE-FOOTBALL, S. F. and King; diagnosis, chronic anemia.

EDITOR-FUMIGATOR, Ye and The; diagnosis, acute allusions.

HALL-FOUNDATION, College and The; diagnosis, next high wind.

GALLAGHER-LECT, J. Wallace and Inte; diagnosis, tetched in haid.

MORTICIANS' NOTICES

Unidentified body found in wrecked Gillope V-8 in gully, tag Howie Demeke, more broken glass than can be accounted for by windows; queer aroma.

Mutilated carcass draped over Registrar's desk, initials found on ring: Margaret Meng. Torn note stating in scribbled words: "Guess Who I Am?"

Victime of Vampire, identification card states body is wife of Frank N. Stine. When conscious mumbled: "Ick, Ick, Ick."

Artistic Hair Cutting
For the College Students
Both Ladies and Gents
OWENS HAIR CUTTING SHOP
547 Haight Street

LAURIE'S FOUNTAIN
MARKET and HERMANN STREETS
Opposite Frederic Burk
EXCELLENT FOOD-QUICK SERVICE
Lunches, 25c and 35c
Sandwiches, 10c and 15c
TABLES UPSTAIRS

Fum-I-Gater

Newspaper NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION Member

(O! SO YA WANTA BLAME SUM BODY 4 THIS RAG, HUH?)
Editor.....Mrs. (I'm Kiddin') Dionne
News Editor.....Edward (Peirpont) Morgan
Editorial Page Editor.....James (Schnozzel) Durante
Sports Editor.....Margaret (No Soap) Sanger
Assistant Sports Editor.....Goo Goo the Duck
Faculties Sponsor.....(Faculty doesn't need a sponsor!)

Ass. Editors:
The Executive Bored (They THINK so enyway!)
Columnists:
Va. Conlon, Bed Ducker et al. (Oh yes, Morgan)
BUSINESS STAFF
Ask LEO C., HE'LL TELL YOU (HUH, MR. MORGAN?)
THE BORED OF PUBLICATIONS:
Associated Students of San Francisco State College (mostly?)

Published weekly by the editor, not the ass. students of S. F. T. C. even tho they mite think so. Bizness & editorial offices aren't open to the public. Subscriptions won't be accepted, but if you insist you can pay in advance to Ed CockRUM or Roach or Rum . . . $2 per ear or $2.25 my male. (No fee males allowed . . . see Al Pay sum Terhune on this subject.)

3

Hey, Jerry Kenny, we thought ught you and Montana didn't nt your names in this rag, but w can we help it if your tech- ue is displayed on the lamn?

Maria Pachecek broke her nech tting to the forensic tournament cause her boy friend from Santa ra was in it. Never noticed her other State functions.

Meredith Cullen seems to be hot for Jimmy Morena—or is it the other way around?

Does Idell hope to get all the State men? She can have Ralph Simon.

Gus Ravel was seen with his arm around Bev Lyon in the student body office. (Huh, just cause she used to write the scandal!) Where was Ruth?

Gater Sports

Looks like Al Johnson's harem is slowly diminishing what with Sonia Selig off to new fields.

Some fellows (the dirty rats) shure must like there girl friends to call them "bags." Mrs. Spellman will be gunnnin' for such as does—with a rolling pin. So be where? Be where she ain't!

Betty McDonald announced her engagement Sunday and Ed Morgan got pie-eyed Monday night. What the connection—if any?

And Gene Dumesnil has a kind face. (Yeah—a funny kind.)

Dear Lid Lifter:

When walking through the park on which side of the boy should one walk. This has bothered me considerably. Can you give me this information? —Ina Fog.

Some people recommend the right side while others the left. Personally, I should advise that you stay on the walk where you belong.

GATERS REFUSE BID TO ROSE BOWL

People who stop to watch the asinine and pathetic game have a few screws loose in the upper story. These gullible souls are not to be condemned, however. They're just simple. Reminds me of when a lunatic escaped into a football stadium . . . the "bughouse chasers" came out of the place with 678 crazy twurps instead of one.

The intelligent game is ping-pong. The Golden Garter asks you to try it. It's too, too ducky.

THE CLINIC

By DYOLF RETLAW

Reports from Captain Monk elma of the Gater ping-pong team ve it that the ping-pongers will t play until next season.

"Of the twenty-three who started t the season, I'm the only one t," Delma explained. "The rest the boys are in the hospital from rious injuries received during s hectic season. They won't reperate until next year. Me? I t Wheaties."

* * *

The State marble championship ttle, scheduled to be played toorrow between Harpo "Knuck-" Furst and George "Fudge" gdanoff, has been postponed til next week.

Harpo lost his oynx "shooter" wn a sewer drain last night, and refuses to play until he gets it ck.

Bogdanoff, calling Furst a yellow itter, stated to the press: "That y doesn't need that marble. He's alling for a psychological effect. e ought to use his head; that's e most solid marble I ever saw."

* * *

"I don't want my players to ink!"

This was the statement made by oach Dan Farmer, as he booted alph Nathan, quarterback, off his otball squad.

"If he'd think less and play ore, he'd be better than Bobby rayson. Yes, sir; when you start think, you're through."

* * *

Characterizing Chilli Stchekeloff the most massive mountain of eps he's ever seen, Coach Tiny ornnithoneck of Stamford U declared today that it certainly was fortunate that Chilli didn't go to Palo Alto institution.

"I'd have made an all-American t of that slashing, hard-hitting ungster," Tiny exclaimed after eing Chilli bruise the Gater line scrimmage.

* * *

Bud "Dope" Werner is considerg entering the ring, following his ttle last Thursday at O'Leary's eer Hall.

After polishing off on seven unks and the two bartenders, erner kayoed two squad carsll of cops before being subdued. He desisted the slaughter on beg promised a coco cola and cream ff.

* * *

Through the medium of this colmn, Kenny Wilkes, dashing third ker for the State baseballers, shes to thank the kind friends ho sent him a basket for his birthy present.

"All I need now is a step-ladder handle Charley Iago's throws," enny states.

* * *

Harvey Williams, exponent of sketball at State, is advocating sses for the players on the Gater intet.

Asked what kind of glasses he eant, Williams answered, Glasses of beer."

* * *

Steam heated benches?

That's the proposal of the B. S. B. W. of A., the Benevolent Society of Bench Warmers of America.

Local president, Chilli Stchelekoff, is behind the move. He is issuing petitions to the effect today.

Blue "Yes" men are eligible to ter a fun knitting course sponred by Mr. Fray of the Art Deartment. This new class will meet w minutes in the activities om. There the members will draw their chairs in a circle and to the usic of clicking needles will spin illiantly colored (!) yarns.

Men Get Idea:

The boss were so excited about e idea that they went into ecstasies over it. In order not to duplicate too many articles, each new slip from under the table suggesting the garment they are to make. The list included stockings, itten sweaters and scarfs. A ar rod was held over who was make the knitted dress, but because an argument as to the size e dress should be made, progress the dress will be held up.

"Perhaps a vote taken among the ls as to what size is most in deand would settle the question," ted Mr. Fray.

Because not all the boys knit ll, Dr. Valentine has consented help the lagging Knit(wit)ers. ter the first few weeks there will a fine of one cent per dropped tch.

"With first class aid the boys will able to show the girls plenty of mpetition," said Dr. Valentine.

The stork is hovering over State, iting to deposit a bundle (or ndles?) with Mrs. McCauley, ate's song-bird. The announcent was made before the Ed. 130 ss recently, when, as a surprise the class, Mrs. McCauley began rinting gaily toward the door. eeting the surprised gazes of the dents, said Mrs. McCauley: "I'm pecting my children any time w!" When the group smilingly ve their approval, Mrs. McCau- added coyly, "It doesn't bother a bit."

Imprisoned for two weeks in a telephone booth, Dean David J. Cox escaped yesterday from his place of incarceration, minus ten pounds and four dollars and ten cents.

"Somebody shut the door on me," Cox stated to the press, "and I was caught. It wouldn't have been so bad, but I didn't even get the right number the whole time I was there. Yeah, it wasn't the imprisonment that got me, it was that torture."

"I torture was going to say that," President Alexander C. Roberts, who freed Cox, stated.

Divers Pastimes Please State's IQ-30 Division

"What do they do with their spare time, our worthy pedagogues at State?"

This most vital of questions has been asked time and again by interested members of the stupid—er—student body. But, until this daring article was in the proces of being written, no one ever bothered to corral the faculty members and, upon the threat of snoring in class, make them "confess" their spare-time activities.

Ward an-Dancer?

For instance, who would ever suspect (or care) that Dean Marry A. Warden practised fan-dancing at home, firmly convinced that, should she lose her job at college, she could go on the stage? You didn't? So what!

Then there's that old roustabout, Dr. Alexander C. Roberts, president of the college. Dr. Roberts revealed under pressure that he finds his massive intellect upon reading **Ballyhoo**, a dignified periodical of the better type.

Arnesen Won't Talk

Dr. Elias T. Arnesen, faculty sponsor of the Sphinx (no, not "Finks") club refused to speak. However, 'tis rumored that the good doctor plays marbles in his back yard whenever he has a chance. Dr. Arnesen, it is further whispered, is sore at Miss Edna Fisher, physical science instructor, because she won eight marbles from him last week. He didn't know they were playing for "keeps."

Dean David J. Cox just delights in skipping rope, he freely admitted. He announced that he thought ping-pong another good recreation. "It stimulates the muscles just too, too much," he said. "It's too bad that I haven't any."

Headache Powders Used

Miss Blanche Elsworth, journalism instructor, admitted that her spare time is spent in taking headache powders. "If you had to read those articles written by English 1J students, you'd need headache powders, too," she commented.

(If you've read this far, we'd like to meet you personally.)

Fenton Knits

"Knitting," admitted Mr. Frank L. Fenton, chairman of the English department, "is just gobs of spare-time fun. You should see the pink and green sweater I've knitted for Dr. Roberts. It's SOME lulu, I'll say."

Dr. P. F. Valentine, dean of the upper division, closed our list of victims (and WHAT a victim). Dr. Valentine stated that he enjoyed singing in the bathtub. "But," he added, "I'm thinking of giving it up; I've taken so many baths lately that my arms are gradually turning into fins."

Comments Summed

Summing up these brilliant (?) remarks, adding three, subtracting four slightly spoiled oranges and two wormy apples, and counting to ten in Spanish, one can readily see somebody's nuts.

Maybe it's me!

FLASH!

Bill Smith, Cliff Worth, Bob Marcus, Bud Decker, Jim Barrett, Frank Corbett, Mike Driscoll, Jerry Kenney, Al Parrish, Ed Smith, Harry Marks, Gus Revel, Billy Rose, Harry McDevitt, Nadell Nathan, Ed Morgan, Bill Eich, Keith Cox, Dick Marsh, Gene Dumesnil and Howard Demeke.

NOW, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? (G'WAN, LOOK ELSEWHERE. . . .)

SPORTS FLASHES

Howard Demeke, one of State's better (?) golfers, yesterday struck for bigger cups.

Demeke claims he can't putt into the small-sized ones now in use. (In fact, we doubt whether he could sink a ball in the crater of Mt. Rainier.)

* * *

EWING FIELD, Nov. 1, 1939—The San Francisco State football eleven broke its record streak here today by nosing out the Blindcraft, 12-7, in a hotly-played clash.

It marked the Gaters' first triumph in 33 starts.

* * *

After both teams had failed to sink a basket in three quarters of play, the S. F. State and Chico casaba tossers discovered that the ball they were using was larger than the basket.

The game will be replayed tomorrow night. A tennis ball will be used to make sure that both fives score.

* * *

Kenny Wilkes, veteran third sacker, refused to play in S. F. State's first baseball contest of the season.

Kenny hadn't received his shinguards from Spalding's in time for the game and refused to run the risk of being hurt.

* * *

Runar Stone, versatile Gater athlete, yesterday found ping-pong too much for him. He's in the hospital now and won't be back in shape for track duties for three months.

* * *

Paul Shippoto, State swimmer, refused to churn the tank against the Stanford Frosh last night. Paul's water-wings hadn't arrived in time for him to compete.

* * *

Seeking to come to State to play for the Gater football eleven, Bobby Grayson was refused admittance to the college.

"Grayson? I never heard of him," Coach Farmer was heard to comment.

Dr. Morse, famous chemistry professor, had even acid eating out of his hand.

* * *

The faculty here have started a yell section of their own. Here is their famous yell:

Raw, raw, raw,
Jaw, jaw, jaw,
We'll flunkem all
Haw, haw, haw.

* * *

Heard from the crib in Coach Farmer's home, "Wow, wow, wow, wow." "Four balls and I walk," stated Coach Farmer.

* * *

Some professors are born great, others achieve greatness, but I have seen some that just grate on you.

* * *

There is one professor here who finds it very hard to eat with his moustache, in fact, it is quite a strain.

NIT WIT

By Burntup Whitenag

Under a cloudless blue sky on one of those days that send a nudist like me into ecstacies, I decided to eat a nice juicy T-bone steak—no this must be some other guy. . . . Anyhow, I see by the papers where the pgornosticators (two-bits, please) figured the Lumberjacks as "cousins," but "the lane is short if it burns a rolling stone" or something. Of course I could go on to quote Sheikspeares, Rabelais, Casanova, and a few of my other acquaintances, but the old Whitenag has too "much stuff on the ball" himself to quote others. "A rose by any other name would still write smelly stuff"; some more Sheikspeares.

The gridders who made a "big league" debut against Punkkeepsie last Easter found the "Honey Bares" barred fangs (how about the "your welcome" gag?). Churchill "Will-o-the-Wisp" Upstairs; Jack "Setem Up Again" Spratt; Frank "Mad Russian" Opinion; Emery "One Punch" Wheel; Didee "Blond Adonis" Dum; and Bill "I, I, I" Barkless were the outstanding pills for Fink College. And speaking of Barkless, can he keep up with the Joneses, or does he practice wrestling by the lockers between periods?

The State marble team of English, Kuder and Stone travel to Hotstuff, Missouri, next year to take on the Omaha team there. Stone all but lost out this year, but managed to save enough from lunches to buy his favorite taw, and is now going "great guns." The little blond bundle of dynamite, "Cream" Kuder, and "Red" English are favored to "cop" the converted "crown" this session, but only after a "kicking" battle (get it—converted, kick?). However, Steve "Big-Moment" Evert is scheduled to be on his finger tips when the opening "shots" are fired at the contestants.

I was chewing the rag with Harold Martin, and the little publicity man ate the largest part of it. Well, it was a dirty rag anyway. The college will soon be after this boy, for he's going places; at least that is what the cop told me who tried to collect on that tailor bill and college fees.

Gene Dumesnil, college athletic manager, is considering leaving the college to direct the Bloomer Girls' indoor baseball nine, it was learned here today.

Dumesnil, school "character" and probably the only man who ever cracked a mirror by just looking in it, stated to the press, "Listen, the Bloomer Girls win a game now and then. That's more than the State football eleven."

We hate to give Gene away, but we hear he's fallen for the cute blonde that plays third base. She's made a hit with him, but to her he's just a foul ball.

Something tells us she'll give him the cold shoulder and he'll go for a "home run."

Well, LAUGH, whydoncha?

Dear Cover-Uper:

Some people say that history repeats itself. Is this true?

—Student SS8B.

I don't know about history repeating itself but I have noticed several people take it over.

The meeting closed by the members rising and joining hands in chanting their theme song, written by Barrett:

We love our little Phyllis
We do, we do, we do.
We love our little Phyllis
Goo! Goo! Goo!

T' Hull with you, Alice! We no u've eloped but can u identify that mug's mug as u're 'awful wedded husband's mug?

Secretary of "State" Hull denies elopment with Alice Moroney. He said, "We was just plain married like awdrinary folks; we plan to live in Golden Gate Park next to nature." Mrs. H. is a well known back-to-nature expert, you know, back to back.

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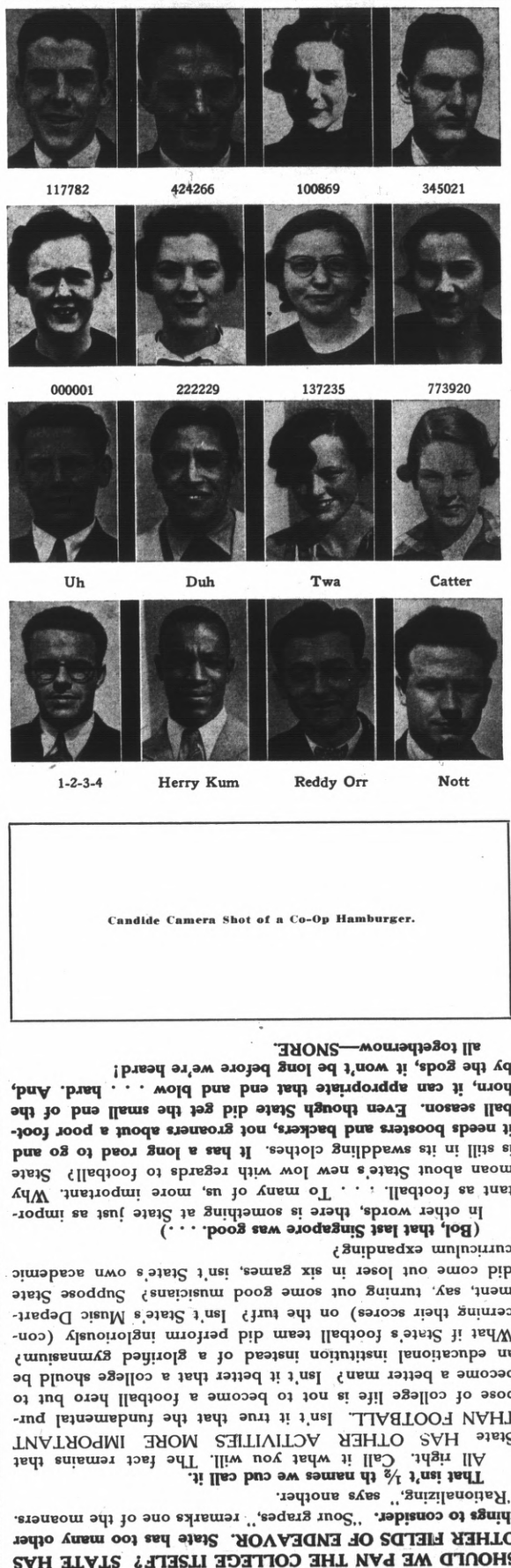
WANTED!

DEAD or Alive
(Mostly Dead!)



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Uh Duh Twa Catter

1-2-3-4 Herry Kum Reddy Orr Nott

Candide Camera Shot of a Co-Op Hamburger.

Football Season's Finished
We Lost Many Games BUT . . .

Now that State's football squad has taken off its cleats for the last time and the old pigskin is no longer an object for battles, now that the last yell for State has become a hoarse whisper and we've all got sore throats, it will be well to consider those moaners who still groan about State's "Football Season of 1935." Now that we can look through perspective lenses, as it were, we can more closely scrutinize the relative merits of football and scholastic endeavor.

One Tom & Jerry please ('I'm warnin' up 2 my subject').

Yes, it is true. We lost six games out of eight and tied the other one. But is this predicament such a "blackball" when we consider the true situation: Small enrollment of men; poor practice field; no really experienced football coach, and other equally depressing factors?

TWO blackballs & u r out like a flite.

Alibis and excuses have been made about this situation before and yet, because football has lost at State, WHY SHOULD WE PAN THE COLLEGE ITSELF? STATE HAS OTHER FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR. State has too many other things to consider. "Sour grapes," remarks one of the moaners.

"Rationalizing," says another.

That isn't ½ th names we cud call it.

All right. Call it what you will. The fact remains that State HAS OTHER ACTIVITIES MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOTBALL. Isn't it true that the fundamental purpose of college life is not to become a football hero but to become a better man? Isn't it better that a college should be an educational institution instead of a glorified gymnasium? What if State's football team did perform ingloriously (concerning their scores) on the turf? Isn't State's Music Department, say, turning out some good musicians? Suppose State did come out loser in six games, isn't State's own academic curriculum expanding?

(Bol, that last Singapore was good. . . .)

In other words, there is something at State just as important as football. . . . To many of us, more important. Why moan about State's new low with regards to football? State is still in its swaddling clothes. It has a long road to go and it needs boosters and backers, not groaners about a poor football season. Even though State did get the small end of the horn, it can appropriate that end and blow . . . hard. And, by the gods, it won't be long before we're heard!

—SNORE.

all together—

Girls Rate Hours Late

Dean Marry A. Warden, dean to men, favors extension of dance hours, according to a statement from her office.

"Although it's been a long time since I was a girl, I remember that I was. Let the girls have a good time; in fact, a d—n good time, if they'll only invite me. As a matter of fact, I don't see why the dances should be stopped at all; I favor holding a marathon dancing contest in our gym during finals."

She 'sardine and we love her.

REFORMS—

New reforms on the school sheet, the **Golden Gater**, were announced last Monday by Kay Buckley, editor.

"Hereafter, the paper will be printed on cellophane," Miss Buckley stated, "so that people can see through the stories. Besides that, we will institute other reforms."

Free Ice Cream

With each issue of the paper, free ice cream cups will be given to increase circulation. "We can't give the paper away now," Miss Buckley moaned.

"And," she added, "anyone so bold as to read ALL the issues during the term will be given prizes at the end of the semester."

Taxi Rides

For those who are not at school during the hour in which the **Golden Gater** is distributed, Miss Buckley promised free taxi rides (paid for out of the **Gater** budget) to school.

In addition, the last page will be printed on blotting paper, so students can find it useful, as well as ornamental.

Reader Objects

"Our reading public now (he wears a blue sweater and a red tie) wants a joke column," Miss Buckley remarks. "He states what should be serious articles are jokes in our sheet. He claims that if we TRY to write a joke column, it will be serious."

The size of the **Gater** is also going to be changed. The size now is terrible for covering books, and State students deserve a break. They will be made so that they will be perfect fits for book covers.

Circulation Increased?

"In this way we hope to increase circulation," Miss Buckley concluded. "We anticipate such a rush that we're having twenty-five copies printed, instead of the usual fifteen."

In order to interest male members in joining their club, Fib and Duck'er will hold a fashion show next Whoopsday.

"We will feature a demonstration of new lingerie and 1936 bathing suits," Miss Wabs Dresser, sixth vice-president of the club, said. "The show will star those outstanding co-eds who participated in the recent Girls vs. Faculty baseball game, and are they built!" Admission is free.

When San Francisco State's Golden Gaters defeated the University of Staniforia's Western Hill Billies in the annual clash at Kezar Stadium last Saturday they became a unanimous choice for the West's representative at the Pasadena Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day.

This spectacular 96 to 2 victory was the fifteenth consecutive win for the Gaters, and it left the mighty State eleven the only undefeated team on the Pacific Coast.

Coaches Plan New Attack

Co-coaches Dan Farmer and Hal Harden are planning to surprise the Eastern Rose Bowl team, Dartford, with the most brilliant passing attack ever to be witnessed in the history of football.

"In order to get into shape for the Rose Bowl, the Purple and Gold plans to meet every other day for a strenuous ten-minute practice," said Coach Farmer. "We're out to beat Dartford, and when I say beat, I MEAN beat."

Roses for the Rose Bowl

"It is customary to have roses at the Tournament of Roses," said Coach Harden. "State believes in getting into the spirit of things, so when those Purple and Gold warriors go galloping out on the gridiron on New Year's Day, each one has vowed to have a beautiful baby rose pinned on his manly chest.

"To add to the beauty of the occasion, the reserve players' bench will be placed in the center of a bed of dainty tea roses, which are now being cultivated for that purpose."

According to the leading sports writers of the Bay region, the Gaters have the greatest team that football has ever known. It is rumored that in New York betting circles the odds are on State, 100 to 1 to win over Dartford.

"There really isn't any use for the Dartford team to come out to California to play State. Dartford is sure to meet defeat," said Himmy Jatlo, sports writer for one of San Francisco's evening newspapers "This Gater team is unbeatable. I pick them to win over Dartford by at least eight touchdowns."

HEADLESS THOMPSON

Mr. Somerville Thompson, the peer (you know, peering Tom) of all "wife callers," set a new world's record at Napa County last New Year's, when inside of two minutes and outside of two Shanghai Slings, he lured from their lairs one hundred and fifty seven and two-fifths wives—old, young, and some just indifferent. He attributes his success in voice development to the squawk he has to set up in order to get Mrs. Thompson, well known professor of Soakology, to pass him his fourteenth cocktail before dinner each evening.

FLASH!

Pauline Quirk, Dawn Wilson, Bev Lyon, Georgette Yebby, Phil Burnham, Kay Buckley, Ann Cornell, Montana Farley, Betty Meadowcroft, Betty Brown, Rosie Haas, Ruth Berg, Shirlie Senk, Peggy Vizzard, Phil Vail, Betty McDonald, Joanne Conlan, Patsy Berry, Harriet White, Ruth Lindquist, Ethel Bennett.

NOW: WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? (G'WAN, READ IT OVER.)

ODD TIES

Oddities creep into the news in spite of efforts to keep them out. Trying to enliven the drabness of everyday routine on the campus the following persons were seen:

Al Parrish, president of the student body, in a purple suit with a yellow and green tie and red shoes.

Betty McDonald, in a tuxedo with a freshman's cap.

Dr. Ruth Haines Thomson, associate professor of psychology, in a hula skirt and a top hat.

Mr. Edward E. Cassidy, assistant professor of English, playing a harp between classes.

Dr. Lawrence Kinnaird, associate professor of history, putting his finger prints in the new cement.

Harold Martin, in Fauntleroy suit and a straw hat.

2 Cold for Fun, College Hall Fired

Such child-like behavior and disorder was never before witnessed in the history of the college, when fire broke out yesterday in College Hall. Faculty members, as well as students, were pushing their way through the mob of people.

Seen in Crowd

Mr. Amsden, that dignified P. S. professor, was seen nudging and poking his way through the crowd, muttering, "H_2O, H_2O . . ." Talking about people's eyes being as large as saucers, you should have seen Miss Edna Fisher. She looked like a little girl lost in a storm, but she was just looking for specimens.

Cause of Fire

It is rumored that some of the small boys in the college found some matches. Not knowing what they were, they began to play. Accidently one of the matches was struck. The boys got burnt, dropped all, and scrammed, as boys will. Thus the fire.

CHESTERFIELD—A BLEND OF MILD RIPE HOME-GROWN AND AROMATIC TURKISH TOBACCOS

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The aromatic Turkish tobaccos used in Chesterfield give them a more pleasing aroma and taste...

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Sun-curing Turkish leaf tobacco. The tobacco is strung leaf by leaf and hung on long racks like you see below.

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The right amount of Turkish tobacco, blended with our mild, ripe home-grown tobaccos helps to give Chesterfields more aroma, helps to give them a more pleasing taste.

Du Four's Action To Necessitate Tar bottom In Pool

Because the college could only secure $48,762, instead of the guaranteed $56,789, State will be forced to go without an all-tiled swimming pool.

Due to the carelessness of Dean Du Four, who could not go to a theater without his lolly-pop, the Purple and Gold will take the chance of catching a crab on their toe on the bottom of the tarred tank.

Dr. Du Four has been reprimanded for his unconstitutional deed and will never again enjoy the delightful tang of these peppermint fantasies.

The pool, without the tile floor, will be completed by the end of next year, and all those who pay a down payment of fifty dollars will have the privilege of swimming in the now unsanitary tank.

Bathing Suits Given

All those who pay their registration will be given a bathing suit free of charge; these bathing suits must be worn in the tank, as it is unlawful to swim without any outer garments.

When asked what she thought of the plan, Miss Mayer retorted, "Why don't they forget the bathing suits and put a tile bottom on the tank; I'm afraid that if I go in the water as it is now I'll probably die, because I couldn't stand having a frog touch me."

Faculty Must Swim

Every member of the faculty will be compelled to learn the art of swimming. All teachers who do not pass the test at the end of the semester will fail the course and will take the subject, "Dummies Swimming."

A rumor around old collitch hall says the person what goes with the above face also went with all of State's money—someplace. Know him?

(Take it away.—Ed's note.)

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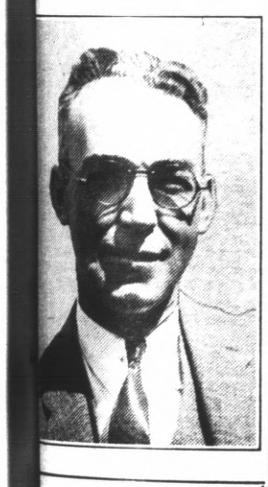


Nu Prexy?

FLASH!

Ray Buckley, GATER editor, started a whispering campaign for Mr. Leo C. Nee for new student body editor—term unlimited. It was Leo C. Nee, this champion of the press, that burst out with, "My dear, I believe that the staff of the GOLDEN GATER puts in all of fifteen hours each week in order to put the paper out on schedule, should get free dinners. After all, if you work from Saturday 11:30 to 5 p. m., Monday at 5 p. m. until 12 p. m. Tuesday nite and from 6 to 10 on Tuesday nite you are entitled to some compensation. Me for justice!" Leo C. may be found in his office if any student is interested enough to investigate the journalistic working hours or their cars.)

Hal Breaks Decking

The largest necking party in the world occurred at the zoo last night.

It is rumored that Hal Garden, fixed up with some of Roy Nichols's "joy juice," was caught kissing the giraffe.

In answering charges at the police station, Hal stated: "Aw, judth, at firtht I justh thoughth I wuz climbing a telephone pole. No kidding, then that beast licked me face, I went berserk."

Committee On Oil Lamp Breakfast Promises Affair Will Be Traditional Boring Flop!

PARRISH CAUGHT EATING HAM SANDWICH, MEADOWCROFT IS MOTIVATING FACTOR

While forty people looked on in amazement, Al Parrish, well known senior, was seen eating a ham sandwich in the Co-Op recently. This is the first case of its kind and as yet officials do not know what the penalty for this misdeed will be. Those in the know feel that such an action will be frowned upon by the college administration.

When asked why he did this unheard of thing, Al shyly replied, "I was so hungry that I thought I was eating chicken; I hope that my honey, Betty Meadowcroft, will forgive me; I was saving to buy her a Christmas present."

Chili Schtlecough, president of the Bad Students Club, said, "Parrish's awful atrocity is the worst thing that has happened at State since Harold (and his harem) Martin was seen necking one of the flower pots on the front of Anderson Hall."

Speaking as one of the bystanders, George Bogdanoff remarked poetically, "I cannot see why they put all the blame on poor, dear, sweet Allie—he always was such a home loving boy: It was no sin that he was participating in."

The members of the faculty will meet tomorrow in an effort to find a suitable punishment for Al.

Vat's Dis?!?

All-Hamerican rating! The dream of a lifetime!

That's what the Golden Gater received at its annual press convention at the Home for the Feebleminded.

All-Hamerican! Those nuts are cracked. And they're not running any shell game. We'd like to meat them.

If you've read this far, we'd like to meet you personally.

Anyhow, if the Gater made All-Hamerican, let's hope it's Swift ham. In fact, the Swifter the better.

(Ed's note: How in the h—— did this get in?)

Mr. Marples finds it tough to have to pay 28 cents a pound for meat, but we find it tougher when he pays 10 cents a pound for it.

MAGOODNUS! ELSA, BOB MATCH UP!

Elsa Magnus, State's notorious heartbreaker, today went into retirement and refused to comment upon the rumors of her engagement to Bob Barry, business manager of the 1936 Franciscan. For once Miss Magnus had "nothing to say."

Dean Ward's stooges report having seen the charming couple necking on the rear stairs of College Hall, and when questioned, Miss Magnus replied:

"If they had asked us, we'd have moved over; there was lots of room."

Questioned further, Miss Magnus elaborated:

"Bob wants to be married immediately, but that's a secret, so don't tell anybody. And I promised not to say anything, so don't let on you know, but it will most likely happen when I graduate in 1940, as we both dislike long engagements. There's so much danger of one's girl friends chiseling. You know how it is. But other than that, I have nothing to say."

Mr. Barry refused to make a statement, exclaiming eloquently, "My Gawd!"

FLASH!

The cat is out of the bag!

It is rumored that Miss Spellman, Miss McFadden and Miss Carter tried to get gay one nite and put the Co-Op on the spot by kidnapping the cat by putting him in a bag . . . but kitty got out of the bag.

In keeping with the solemn occasion typical of the first vacation period of the semester, the same god-awful Oil Lamp Breakfast will be held again! According to past years, this occasion should provide the same complete flop.

Long dry speeches will feature the entertainment, which will be followed by the age-old traditional ceremony. Due to the difficulty with which Dr. Alex Bob(s), State janitor pro tem., had in lighting the candles last semester, electric lamps will be substituted this year. Coal oil lamps will provide an unusual atmosphere, as well as aiding in keeping the guests warm.

Guests will be people of little interest to all: studes and members of the fallacy (guess who?). The class of 1846 will also be featured; they will attempt to explain why the breakfast is held—it took them this long to figure it out.

The music department will assist greatly in the entertainment by being absent, at the request of the committee-in-charge. "We aim to make this a real ugly Easter ceremonial," Gin C. Onlan, floorlady and tail of the committees, said.

Fired??

The Blooie Fire Insurance Limited (the funds are very limited) today is considering insuring the San Francisco State College's buildings for the terrific sum of two bits.

Officials of the insurance agency announce that this very liberal offer came only after days of deliberation. Only the fine condition of the college prompted their action.

"State has the most fire-proof buildings we've ever seen," Joseph S. Twurp, president of the concern, stated. "Why, there's so much dust on them that a fire wouldn't have a chance; it would be smothered to death."

In case fire does break out and, by dint of hard trying, does consume the buildings, the Blooie Fire Insurance Limited will give the two bits to Dean Alexander C. Roberts (plus 1c sales tax). It feels that this money will amply cover the cost of a new building.

The premium, school officials announce, will amount to 5 bucks a year. After all, they claim, hasn't the college plenty of dough?

(Say, the only dough we have is in the cooking room of the Co-Op.)

Married Bliss Aim of Popular Stooges Rambling Unknown Here There and All Over Campus Sites

Leonard Ascher Leaves State To Join Seals Club

After the wonderful demonstration of how our faculty can play baseball, we received the very flattering news of our own Dr. Ascher, instructure in social science, who has handed in his resignation, and was leaving the college to be one of the team members of the San Francisco Seals.

Our Tripper

Dr. Ascher was chosen for the position by his marvelous exposition of the new way to trip from base to base. He accredits his success to his rope jumping while training for the University of California Boxing Team.

New Method

Dr. Ascher says, "This new method of tripping, or rather sliding, from base to base is accomplished by going head first into dear mother earth. In this position you take the weight of the body from the ground, which enables you to make more speed. You should, however, be sure to get your body in a stream line position for better results."

Regrets, but Congratulations

We the students of State regret to see Dr. Ascher leave our fair college but look forward to seeing all the Seals' games in future. We are convinced that it will improve the game of baseball by his new method.

Among the few stooges clamoring for admittance to the license bureau, were the following:

Nadezda Lawrence, hanging feverishly on the chandelier in the rotunda of the City Hall, bellowed, "I want Floyd Walter." Next in line Leona Biglovsky screamed, "Give me Bob Moore, some Moore, or anything Moore you've got."

Miss Ann van der Voort insisted on More or **Les** and ended up with Ted Kreiger who yelled "Foiled Again." With Miss van der Voort's departure, Ralph Simon called after the new groom, "Ah, you RAT, but look what I got"—and Ruth Walker was the victim.

Doug Harkness needed no persuasion with Dot Locke tugging on his much reddened ear, but, Oh, the expresion of Reinaldo Pagano.

Ethel Bennett lost Howard Demeke when Marjorie Collonan bursted upon the scene in her boisterous manner and claimed the "man of her dreams" on the charges "Your honor, Howie, or mine!"

The bureau closed before Win Kelly, Genevieve Murphy, Bee Glass and the other million aspirants could enter the blissful state of **Collapse.**

FLASH!

Flash! As the editor of this Razz issue packs up for Timbucto or Vladivostok seventeen irate members of Phi Lambda Chi are forming a new club to hit him, her, or it, over the head with. (Their present club is not big enough!)

FOUL PLAY MUST HAVE HIT HIM

Graft!

"It's a graft," claimed Leo C. Nee in a sweeping statement here today.

"Yowsa, some new skin has been grafted on my bum knee."

Fear that his son, a poet, scenario writer, artist, saxaphone player, and San Francisco State student, has met with foul play here, was expressed today by Hugo X. Rose of this city.

"Bill must have been drowned or something," said Mr. Rose, "because he hasn't written to me for money for nearly two weeks."

When last heard of Bill Rose was working on a new book dealing with sex life of the Indians called "The Lust of the Mohicans."

Board Shuts Up When Leo C. Nee, Comptroller, Tells 'Em What IS WHAT Without Mincing Words!

Yep, there's a story floating around about Leo C. Nee trying to eat some mince meat (Ah, his wife got her Thanksgiving samples out early!) and along came a medium—you know, NOT mediocre but a medium, a seer, a—, a— — —, a—, a,—, well anyway this medium said to Mr. Leo C.:

"Hey, bo, don't take a chance on your wife's cooking. Ya better consult this board of mine and see whether unc Ebeneezar likes it or not. . . ."

"Of all the nerve," replied Mr. Nee. "My dear sir, would you mind, for gracious sakes, removing yourself while I finish this mince-meat?"

"Tsk, listen, bozo," replied the medium, "the board sez not t' take a chance on pizen . . . don't et what ain't good for ya."

"Mercy sakes, I see I must not mince enymore words with you, my good man. . . ."

(Editor's not: The reader can get his own onclusion upon the steps Mr. Nee took to remedy the situation.)

ICE CREAM MOTIVE OF NEW DANCE

Shirley Canning, officer in the Kappa Delta Tau, college creative dance fraternity, today was the recipient of a large number of congratulations, following her dance in the women's gymnasium yesterday.

Asked how she conceived her dance, Shirley modestly replied, "Say, if you had a hunk of ice cream down your back, you could show me something, too. Anyhow, I think I was much better last year when I had the mosquito bites."

Bouncers At Sienna Xmas Hop Say No Necking Or Else!

Siena Club's semi-annual Christmas "jig" will be tossed at the Nevada Decade Club sometime in a week or two, according to a bunch of the "babes."

The thing will be formal and all the guys will have to wear their soup and fish or it's no dice. The hags they drag must come in the usual colored "longies." Bids will cost plenty.

In a statement made exclusively for the **Fumigater,** Betty Ryan, leader of the gang said, "If all the students act like little ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure we'll have a simply LOUSY time."

Collegiate Digest

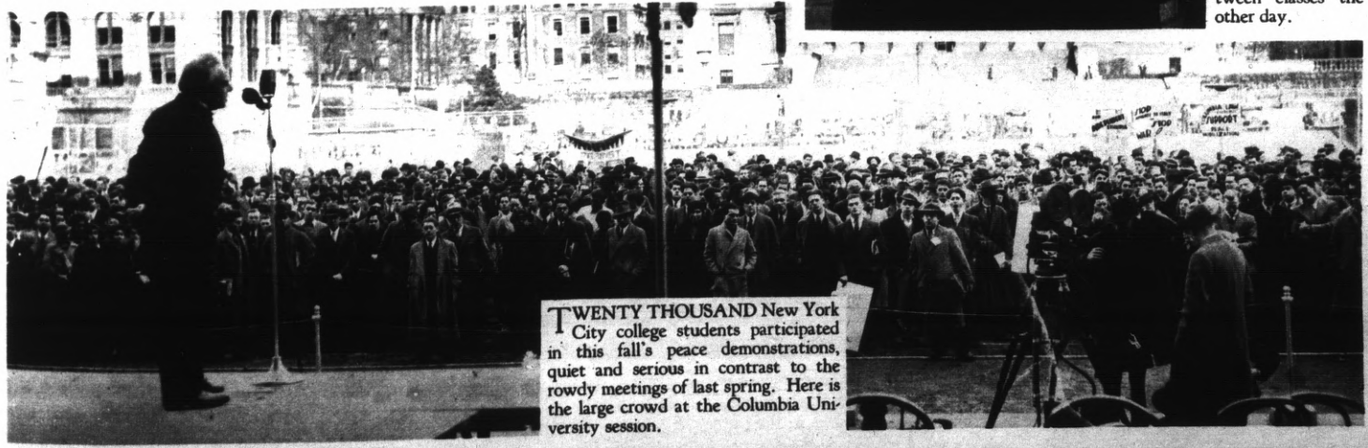
Volume IV · NATIONAL COLLEGE NEWS IN PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH · Issue 13

WHEN "FIREHOUSE" THOMPSON, Minnesota's mighty backfield ace, is late for class he merely jumps for the brass pole in a Minneapolis fire station, slides down and dashes for the classroom. You see, he lives there as chief door-tender.

KENTUCKY COLONELS Mary Dingledine and Eileen Payne, Ohio State seniors, have just been commissioned as aide-de-camps to Kentucky's Gov. Ruby Laffoon.

CLASS ELECTION campaigns at Indiana State Teachers College call for more than the usual ballyhoo—one candidate hired a sandwichman to keep his name before the public.

FOOTBALL and knitting are hardly companion sports, but Darrell Lester, Texas Christian's 1934 All-American center, just couldn't refuse Rosemary Collyer when she asked him to help her out between classes the other day.



TWENTY THOUSAND New York City college students participated in this fall's peace demonstrations, quiet and serious in contrast to the rowdy meetings of last spring. Here is the large crowd at the Columbia University session.

TWO NEW COLLEGE PRESIDENTS — Grover C. Dillman *(left)* is the recently inducted head of Michigan College of Mining and Technology at Houghton; while Dr. Albert N. Jorgensen *(above)* is the 36-year-old new president of the Connecticut State College at Storrs.

ROBERT M. MORROW, campus bugler, wakes up, calls them to classes, and sounds the mess at Roll College, one of the few schools in the country that still u a bugler for these purposes.

NOT ETHIOPIANS or followers of Mahatma Gandhi, but the executive committee of Tea and Topics, Springfield (Mass.) College literary society, sacrificing a candidate for admission on the altar of classical lyric and poetry.

PEANUT ROLLING is just one of the ancient "tortures" invoked by upperclassmen for the "Ag Initiation" at Blackburn College (Carlinville, Ill.).

ALBERT COATE has the dubious honor of being the first male student to major in home economics in the history of Miami University.

THE Spotlighter

Sir Lancelot

HIS name, it was revealed when he recently married Olive White, his manager, is Lancelot Ross . . . and that's probably what he wrote on his registration blanks at Yale and Columbia . . . Son of a Shakespearean actor, he was born in Seattle . . . and was sent to Taft School in Connecticut for proper eastern bringing up . . . Taft led to Yale and there Lancelot was a track man in '27 against Oxford and Cambridge . . . but being in the Yale Glee Club actually gave him a chance to see oxford and Cambridge.

As a student in the Columbia law school, he tried radio at $25 a week . . . and before his degree it was $25,000 a year . . . which settled law.

After a picture in Hollywood Lanny realized he needed a season in summer stock . . . he's had it and he may be induced to go back to cameras . . . In the meantime on his *State Fair* and *Showboat* programs he remains Sir Lancelot to the nation's girls who play Lady of Shalott to him by their loudspeakers.

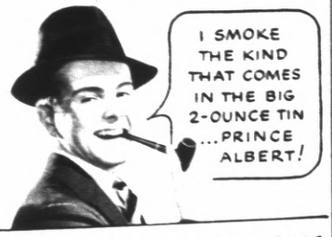
Newsman Baillie

THE task of bringing world news of a great European embroilment was the first task to fall on shoulders of Hugh Baillie, U. S. C. '15, and journalism student who made good . . . new president of United Press . . . winner in June of the U. S. C. Asa V. Call trophy given to graduate attaining most outstanding recognition in his field.

A United Press man in Los Angeles in 1915, promotion brought him to Washington in 1919 to cover Wilson administration . . . led to New York office . . . vice-presidency . . . and now presidency . . . and direction of the job of reporting a war in Africa . . . and a possible world conflagration.

EASY WAY TO MAKE LIBRARY STEPS SAFE ON ICY DAY ..AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

URCHIN (A) THROWS SNOWBALL AT PROFESSOR WEARING TOP HAT. MISSES AND SNOW-BALL HITS REINDEER (B) ANCHORED NEAR BY. DEER IS ANNOYED AND SWITCHES TAIL. ANCHOR (C) HITS ASH-MAN KNOCK-ING BARREL OF ASHES (D) DOWN STEPS THUS ENDING SKIDDING



50 MELLOW PIPEFULS IN EVERY TIN

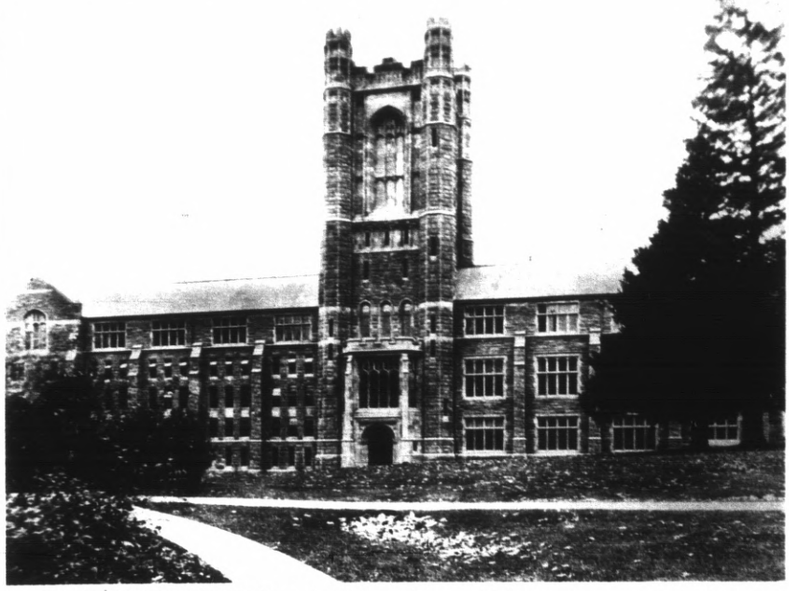
YES, SIR—2 OUNCES IN EVERY TIN. AROUND 50 PIPEFULS OF QUALITY TOBACCO — WITH THE "BITE" TAKEN OUT — THEN "CRIMP CUT" FOR SLOW, COOL BURNING. PACKED RIGHT, IN TIN. BEGIN TODAY TO SMOKE P.A.!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

SHE FORGOT to wear her "regs" to class, so Phoebe Davis, Temple University freshman, is being punished with over time lab work.

PET-FANCIER Jean Midkiff, Christian College (Columbia, Mo.) junior class president, with an armful of her prize-winning menagerie at the annual college pet show.



THIS $550,000 ADDITION to the Williston Memorial Library at Mount Holyoke College was dedicated recently by President Mary E. Woolley and Dr. F. P. Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation at the close of the exercises commemorating the 98th anniversary of the founding of the college.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY boasts a great variety of women's sports, and here is a group of their captains posing with Nathalie Shepard (*center standing*), director of women's physical education.

WHY IS OZE SIMMONS SUCH A GREAT FIELD RUNNER? -- University of Iowa psychologists, after numerous tests, claim that it is because he has unusual perception and reaction. Psychologist Daniel Feder (*center*) claims good players can be predicted by his tests before they go on the field.

AT THE HEAD OF HER CLASS - - Caryl Morse, University of Wisconsin senior president, is the first woman president of a Badger class.

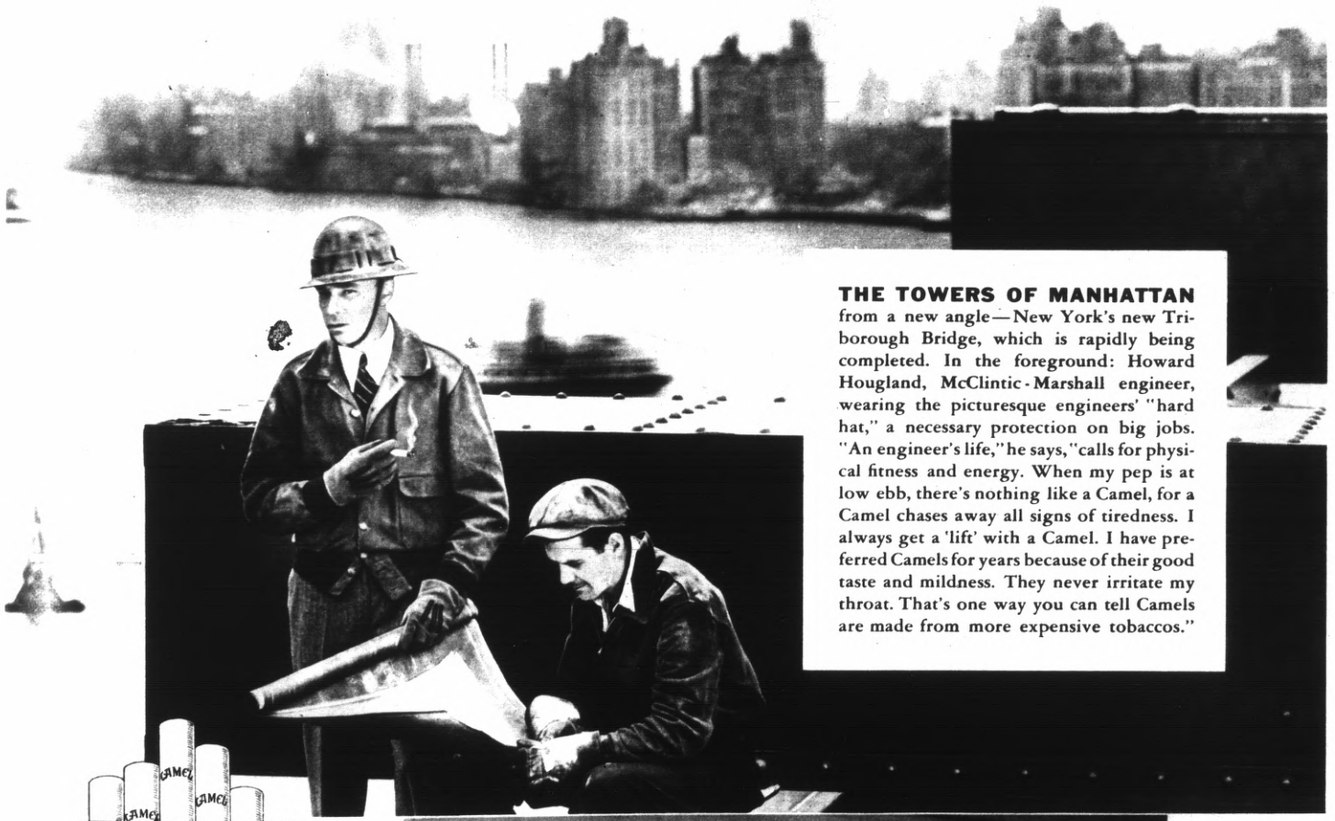
SMITH COLLEGE BOASTS a large group of champion archerettes, although only one succeeded in hitting the bull's eye before this picture was taken.

JOHNSON DOES HIS BIT - - His antagonism to the AAA program did not prevent Gen. Hugh Johnson from doing his share to reduce the beef surplus at a homecoming barbecue at West Texas State Teachers College, where he was the chief speaker—and eater—of the day.

THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY Department of Dramatic art claims to be the only Shakespearean repertory company of the season. Here are Parker Wilson and Joyce Bell in a scene from *Twelfth Night*.

RICH DEPOSITS of Folsom ratifacts and bones of extinct bison have been discovered in Colorado by Judge C. C. Coffin and his son (*shown at right*) for the University of Colorado Museum. The lower layer in the picture above contains materials discarded by the "Folsom Man", who is thought to have lived in North America during the Ice Age.

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!



THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN from a new angle—New York's new Triborough Bridge, which is rapidly being completed. In the foreground: Howard Hougland, McClintic-Marshall engineer, wearing the picturesque engineers' "hard hat," a necessary protection on big jobs. "An engineer's life," he says, "calls for physical fitness and energy. When my pep is at low ebb, there's nothing like a Camel, for a Camel chases away all signs of tiredness. I always get a 'lift' with a Camel. I have preferred Camels for years because of their good taste and mildness. They never irritate my throat. That's one way you can tell Camels are made from more expensive tobaccos."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

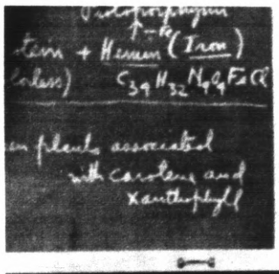
TUNE IN! CAMEL CARAVAN with Walter O'Keefe • Deane Janis • Ted Husing • Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra • Tuesday and Thursday—9 p.m. E.S.T., 8 p.m. C.S.T., 9.30 p.m. M.S.T., 8.30 p.m. P.S.T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.

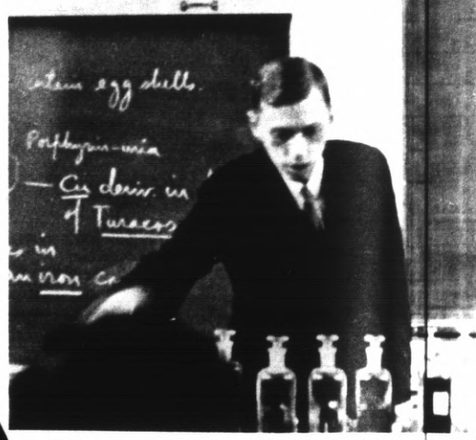
YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO

At work and at play there always comes a time when it's pleasant to heed the famous advice: "Get a 'lift' with a Camel!" For Camels increase your flow of energy. And Camels are mild—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Your first Camel tastes good. And so does every other one. Costlier tobaccos do make a difference.

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

A FLASH OF ACTION is caught by the camera during a spirited University of Pittsburgh women's field hockey battle.

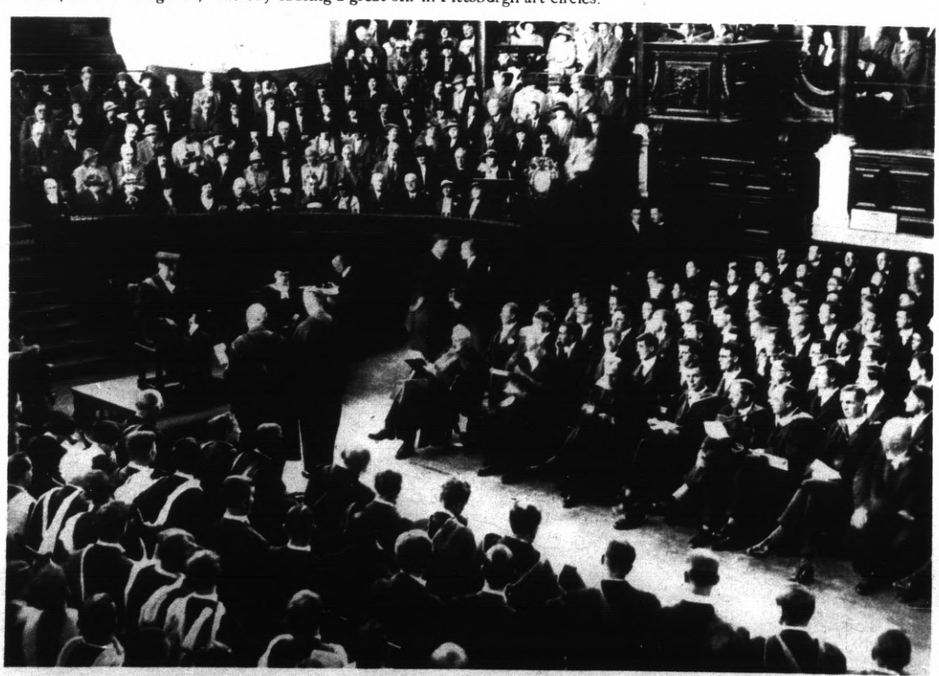




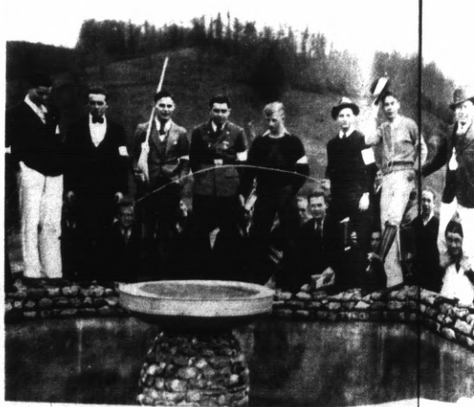
W. H. (BILLY) THOM, Indiana University wrestling coach, has been appointed "grunt and groan" mentor for the United States Olympic team. He's the world's middleweight champion.

DR. DAVID M. ROBINSON (*left*), Johns Hopkins University professor of archaeology, examines the Carnegie Museum collection of Etruscan art which he claims is composed of "forgeries," thereby causing a great stir in Pittsburgh art circles.

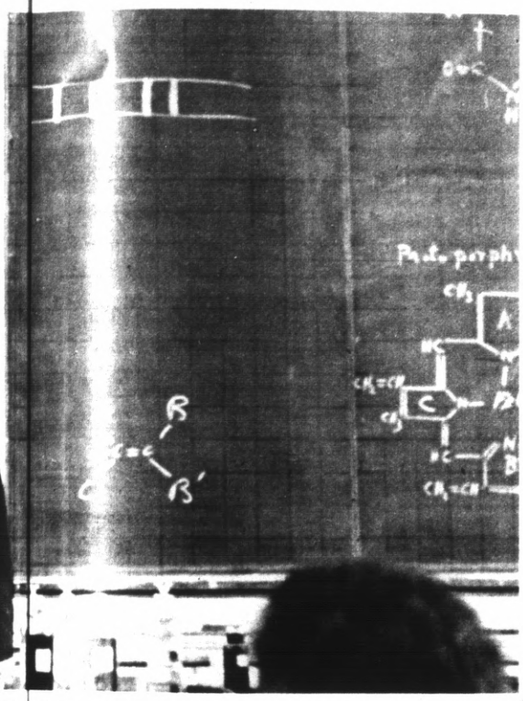
PROFESSOR CHARLES HEINROTH was snapped by camera during one of his regular Thursday afternoon organ Great Hall of the College of the City of New York.



THE SHELDONIAN THEATER is the traditional meeting place when the vice-chancellor of Oxford University (England) confers degrees. Here is shown Mr. A. Lindsay, new Oxford vice-chancellor, performing his first public duty by handing diplomas to hundreds of undergraduates.



FISH ARE CAUGHT in rock-garden pools when upperclas new Alpha Sigma Gamma literary society members at Appa Teachers College (Boone, N. C.).



HARVARD'S PRESIDENT James B. Conant returns to the classroom to lecture on organic chemistry. He was professor of chemistry before he was appointed to the presidency of America's oldest university.

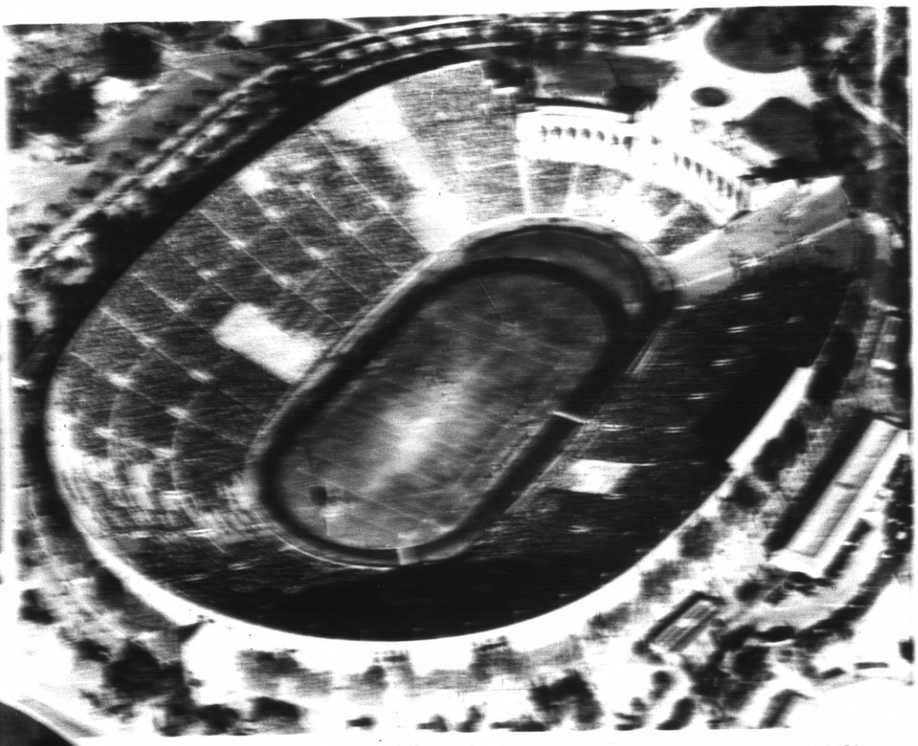
FRESHMAN "INDIANS" at the University of Michigan paint up for their annual class battle with the sophomores.

ROTH was snapped by the candid
hursday afternoon organ recitals in the
of New York.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE oarsmen downed the University of Pennsylvania to make a clean sweep of the three races in their annual fall regatta. The photo shows the Manhattan freshmen leading Pennsylvania first-classmen over the line.

den pools when upperclassmen initiate
society members at Appalachian State

STUDENTS GET GAS FROM WHITE CLOVER — Harold Ohlgren and William Mahle, Macalester College (Minneapolis, Minn.) student chemists, claim to have discovered a process by which usable combustible gas can be obtained from wild sweet clover at half the present cost of commercial gas.

SALLY SPENCER is the sorority dictator at Ohio Wesleyan University. She is president of the Pan-Hellenic Council.

BROWN